

THE

LIGUORIAN

A MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING



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\$1.00 Per Year
\$1.25 in Canada

APRIL, 1947

Vol. XXXV
No. 4

10¢ a Copy

Amongst Ourselves

The editors of The Liguorian have to make, with deep regret, an important announcement this month. We have reached the point where it is no longer possible to publish it for \$1.00 a year, or ten cents a copy. Since we announced, several months ago, that we were hanging on to the old price "with our teeth," there has been a rise each month in the cost of the paper on which it is printed; now Congress seems set on raising the cost of postage for second class mail; and the result is that The Liguorian is no longer merely being annoyed by red ink on its books, but about to be drowned in it. Any amateur business man can figure out our position. The Liguorian, under the \$1.00 subscription price, costs a reader a little more than eight cents a copy. In the best times (from the cost viewpoint), that gave us about a two and a half cents margin, over and above actual paper and printing costs, with which to take care of postage, office overhead, mail transactions for subscriptions, etc. Now the paper has risen well over 25 per cent in cost, the printing is higher, and the postage seems about to climb. The eight cents are gone long before a subscriber receives a copy.

For these reasons it is necessary to raise the subscription price to \$2.00 a year and the single copy price to 20 cents. The date when the changeover will be made has been set for June 1. That will give old subscribers plenty of time in which to renew under the \$1.00 price for as long a time as they wish,

and to send in a few gift subscriptions for friends under the old price. Until June 1, six subscriptions may be sent in for \$5.00, or a subscription may be extended for six years for \$5.00. What may look like potential profit under the new price will be put back into the magazine in an increase of pages as soon as possible, in increased use of cuts and printing adornments, etc. The Liguorian will be always a non-profit enterprise, and please God, under the new price of June 1, more and more *the* magazine for lovers of good reading. In the meantime, we sincerely urge all readers, and especially those whose economic situation may make the \$2.00 a year price anything of a hardship, to use the interim between now and June 1 to extend their claim on The Liguorian for several years, and to make a selling point for others out of the rate that will be a bargain for only two more months.

A number of readers have complained about receiving their copies of The Liguorian later than usual during the past few months. This has been due, as we mentioned before, to the difficulties encountered in the matter of getting paper stock delivered on time, to the winter storms that delayed shipment of The Liguorian to the mailing office, and to the readjustments involved in our making a change of printers. The Liguorian is now being printed by the Wellington Printing Co. of St. Louis, a union shop that is giving us splendid cooperation.

ASK

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One Dollar per Year — (Canada and Foreign, \$1.25)

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879. — Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918. Printed with ecclesiastical approval.

THE *Liguorian*

APRIL, 1947

a magazine for the lovers of good reading



Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

Problems for Politicians

Some of the complicated situations in which aspiring political office-holders will have to make important decisions.

D. F. Miller

ENTERING the field of politics seems, to the uninitiated, like a very simple and uncomplicated step to take. A man is urged by his friends to run on a certain ticket for the office of sheriff, or district attorney, or state senator or congressman, or even one of the more important offices in state or federal government. His name appears in the papers; he goes about making speeches to various gatherings; prominent people come out for or against him; election day comes, the voters go to the polls, and he wins or loses the job for which he had spent so much time, money and energy.

But while the process seems simple, it is in reality, one that often brings the would-be political office holder face to face with a number of problems of conscience and prudence that only strong, wise and courageous men can solve promptly and properly. This is especially true of political campaigning in larger cities and in behalf of the more important offices, though it may have its counterpart on a small scale even in the small communities. No doubt there are many men practicing law today, or holding down politically ap-

pointed jobs in federal or state buildings, who are toying in their minds with the idea of some day running for an elective office. For the consideration of such as these, we present some of the problems they may have to face in trying to win an election, and we bid them consider well what answer they would give to the several questions appended to each problem.

It is also good for ordinary voters to consider these problems that may come up in the various campaigns for votes in which they are involved. If anything would help the cause of good government, it would be a full knowledge, on the part of the voters, as to how the problems here presented would be solved by individual candidates and how the questions asked are actually being answered by them. Some voters are in a position to ask the questions from candidates themselves and to demand forthright answers; others must try to gather what a candidate's answers would be only from his public words and actions. In any case, it is good to know that these are the important questions, on the answers to which any man's fitness for public office essentially depends.

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1. You are running for an office in which you will have much to say in settling an issue or deciding on a course of action that is widely debated and disputed among the voters. You yourself are firmly convinced of one side in the dispute; you are certain that it is the only right solution of the entire issue. During the course of your campaign, you are called upon to give a speech in a district where it is known to you that most of the voters hold a view opposite to your own. Questions:

- a. Do you avoid the disputed topic entirely in your speech?
- b. Do you frame your speech in such a way as to leave the impression among these hearers that you are on their side, so as to get their votes?
- c. Do you touch on the matter only vaguely and in general terms, so that either side could claim you as favoring them?
- d. Do you face the subject boldly and fearlessly and try to convince your hearers that they are wrong and that you have the only right solution?

2. Running on the same ticket with you is an old-time politician whom you personally know to be unworthy of public office, but who has a large and enthusiastic following among the voters.

Questions:

- a. Do you praise him to the skies, hoping to share the large number of votes that will be cast for him?
- b. Do you say nothing about him at all, thus letting him ride into an office that you know he should not hold?
- c. Do you publicly state that you reject and condemn the bad principles which you know are held by your political running mate, even though you do not mention him by

name?

- d. Should you dissociate yourself from such an office-seeker by name?

3. You have been adopted by a political machine as one of its candidates for public office. The price of your adoption and of the machine's support is that 1) you will speak only on subjects designated for you by the machine, and you will say only what you are told to say; 2) you will speak only when and where the machine leaders dictate; 3) you will give no interviews to the newspapers, nor answers to inquiring groups of voters, except after consulting the men who run the machine. Questions:

- a. Can you accept political candidacy on these grounds?
- b. If you do accept, are you bound to carry out the conditions as to how, when, where and about what you will address the voters?
- c. Is it permissible to obey the machine during the election campaign, with the determination that once elected you will reclaim your independence and follow only the dictates of your conscience?

4. In the political district in which you are seeking office, there are illegal gambling establishments and prostitution rings that are interested in having officials elected who will not disturb their operations too seriously. In the past they have always seemed to succeed in this aim. During the course of your campaign, you receive a large sum of money for campaign expenses which you are permitted to know comes from these illegal establishments, with promises of more. No questions are asked and no promises are demanded by those who hand over the money and who promise more. Questions:

- a. May you accept the money from

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such a source?

- b. May you accept the money and be silent in your campaign about the evils of illegal gambling and prostitution?

- c. May you accept the money and still speak out against gambling and prostitution and promise to eliminate them?

- d. May you accept the money and say nothing against those who gave it in order to win the election, determining that after you are elected you will unmask and prosecute them? (You know of course that, having taken the money, you will be exceedingly vulnerable if you attack its source.)

- e. Must you refuse the money and throw the weight of your influence against the immoral rings, even though it means almost certainly that you will lose the election?

5. You are running for an important office that carries considerable influence and that will give you the right to appoint others to good political jobs. In your area there are district leaders who are without principle or ability but who can deliver a great many votes to you if you will promise them a good job after election.

- a. May you barter the jobs that will be under your authority in office for the votes that will put you into office?

- b. May you promise jobs to certain men in return for their support, secretly withholding the right not to keep your promise?

- c. May you accept the dictates of a political machine as to whom you will appoint to certain jobs if you are elected to office?

- d. Must you make no promises to anyone in return for influence with the voting public?

6. You are running for a political office and the success of your campaign depends on your spending more money than you can afford and than your backers can possibly gather. Cards and literature must be sent out, letters written, traveling expenses incurred, secretaries paid, etc. Someone offers to lend you a large sum of money, saying that you will be able to pay it back after you are elected. You know that the salary that goes with the office you are seeking will not be enough to enable you to pay such a debt, and that it is assumed that the office will bring you "money on the side", or influence that can be sold for money. Questions:

- a. May you accept such money without knowing how you will be able to pay it back out of your honest income?

- b. May you promise to use your political influence in behalf of the business interests of an individual or a corporation, before you are elected to office?

- c. May you accept the loan, promising nothing, and hoping that it will be cancelled later on by those who gave it?

- d. May you accept such a loan for political purposes if the lender promises to cancel it if you lose the election, but demands payment in some form if you win?

These are a few of the problems that frequently arise in campaigns for public office. No attempt has been made to say outright what answers a man is bound in conscience to give to the questions proposed. In most instances, however, voters will recognize how they would want their candidates to answer the questions, and a good purpose has been served if only it is known that such questions bear asking.



Character Test (47)

On Laziness

L. M. Merrill

The resentment that the average person feels at being called "lazy" is a good sign of how unpleasant a trait of character laziness really is. Everybody has witnessed people angrily rushing to their own defense when somebody hurled this charge against them. Nevertheless the vice of laziness does gain control of the life and conduct of many a man and woman who in their own minds are paragons of industry and energy.

Laziness is not incompatible with an appearance of great and continuous activity. One form of laziness is that of the man who spends most of his time doing the wrong things; who spends as little time as possible doing the things he is in duty bound to do. Thus a father of a family may work hard at his golf, at preparing for his fishing trips, at activities connected with some fraternity or society to which he belongs, while he neglects the work of making a decent living for his family. Thus a mother may dash about busily on club work or in social activities, while she leaves her home in a state of constant confusion and disorder. Both are lazy; they are dodging their responsibilities; they are weak and flabby characters.

Another form of laziness is that in which a person easily gives up a task that requires perseverance. Victims of this kind of laziness are they who are constantly changing jobs and looking for something easier to do; who get half way through a job and then let it remain unfinished while they turn their attention to something more pleasant than work; who are, like Macawber, always looking "for something to turn up" while they live in uncleanness and disorder that could easily be cleared up by a little earnest toil.

The worst form of laziness is that of the parasites of families and society, who are perfectly content to let others support them while they spend their time solely in amusement and pleasure-seeking. Drunkards, wastrels, play-boys, gamblers—all have one vice in common, that of laziness. They don't want to work; they will abandon all self-respect and decency just as long as they can be supported by somebody else without having to work.

One form of laziness unchecked leads to another until most lazy people end up in the third category described above, that of the detestable parasite. Let those who neglect primary duties, or who seldom persevere at a job, take note of their weakness before they slip silently into the class of "good-for-nothings."

Excursion on Fifth Avenue

How to spend a fortune quickly. But don't ask us why.

L. G. Miller

HAVE you got about \$30,000 lying around loose? Then let's hop a plane or a streamliner or something for New York and go shopping down Fifth Avenue. I have just been making a study of some advertisements published by Fifth Avenue stores in the *New Yorker* magazine, and I will be happy to lead you to some bargains, such as a neat little job of a cigarette lighter for \$160 or a desk clock for \$127. At that tariff they are practically giving the stuff away, so hurry up and let's go.

Is it jewelry you are interested in? Then you will want to stop in at Tiffany's, where they are featuring a diamond watch bracelet for \$4,975; or if you already have a diamond watch bracelet, you can pick up a diamond brooch for \$2,725. If a certain someone's birthday is coming up, why not buy her a trinket at Shreve, Crump and Low? You can have your choice of a ring for \$9,000, a watch for \$5,400, or a set of ruby and diamond earclips for \$5,250. There is no limit of one to a customer, either—you might as well get a handful of these ruby earclips. You can always give them away as Christmas presents next year.

But you may tell me as we begin our excursion on Fifth Avenue that you aren't interested in jewelry—at least, not at those prices. You just want to pick up a few little souvenirs such as maybe a pair of cuff links—stop right there! Did you say cuff-links? I know just where you can get yourself fixed up. Step into the Georg Gensen store here. Take a look at this snappy little pair of cuff-links which they are prac-

tically giving away at \$14.25. And here's a belt-buckle to match for only \$16.50, marked down from \$17, so you're getting a real bargain. By the way, how about a tie clip? You don't want your tie flopping around in the wind, do you? Of course not. Well, just give the man \$8.75 and he will give you a nice tie-clip and then you can laugh at the wind.

Say, what kind of a thing is that you've got your money in? It looks like two pig's ears sewed together. You need a new wallet, it's plain to see, and I know just where you can get it. Step into the Mark Cross store here on Fifth Avenue. They have a very serviceable wallet, nothing fancy, of course, for only \$32.10. You might as well get one of these for your brother-in-law, too. While you're here, you may also pick up a bottle of shaving lotion for \$18.50, too. I haven't seen any razors advertised, but if we keep our eyes open, we can probably pick one up for a couple of hundred dollars, and they might even throw in a week's supply of blades.

Let's step outside, now, and have a cigarette while we plan our next move. Have you got a cigarette handy? Good! Say! don't tell me you haven't got a cigarette case! Well, that saves us racking our brains as to what we are going to buy next, because I'm going to take you right down to Tiffany and Company where they have a honey of a cigarette case on sale for only \$370. And since there is nothing more silly than to have a cigarette case without a lighter and a cigarette holder, we'll just

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skip over to Alfred Dunhill and Company and I'll speak to the manager there and he will fix you up with a lighter for \$160 and a cigarette holder for \$35. What's that you say? You thought Dunhill lighters cost only four or five dollars? You're thinking of the *ordinary* Dunhill lighter. This is the Dunhill Fifth Avenue lighter. It has a solid gold case, and it has a shield in the center in which you can have your family coat of arms engraved. So don't be cheap about it. Just tell the man what you want, give him a \$500 bill, tell him to keep the change.

Oh, oh, look in the window of that store we are passing. Desk clock at only \$127. You can't afford to miss that, not with prices going up the way they are. Here's a handy little desk calendar pad, too, that will set you back only \$12.95. Now there's no use having a pad without a pencil to write on it, so we'll go across the street to Cartier and Company. They are featuring for a limited time a pencil for only \$51.50. And the best part of it is, along with the pencil you get a knife with which you can do a much neater job of separating the coupons from your stock certificates. Tearing them off by brute strength is such a tiring process.

It may be that you are in the market for a modest little anniversary present for your wife. If so, let's stop at John Rubel's establishment. Mr. Rubel has designed an ensemble of 18 articles for a lady's handbag, and if you buy the whole set, you will have to pay only \$9,833.50, which naturally is much cheaper than if you shopped around for each article individually. These articles are all solid gold and gem-encrusted, and just to give you an idea of what a bargain you will be getting, take a look at the items with their individual cost:

check-book case—\$700

eye-glasses—\$2,000
oval vanity case—\$1,000
perfume flask—\$350
pen and pencil set—\$250
pill box—\$250
cigarette-holder—\$60
St. Christopher medal—\$18
four leaf clover—\$200
cigarette-case—\$3,500
money clip—\$87
key—\$35
lipstick-holder—\$600
mesh purse—\$500
cigarette-lighter—\$150
key-chain—\$100
taxi whistle—\$15.50
identification-disc—\$18

I like that St. Christopher medal especially. Mr. Rubel is really making a sacrifice, selling medals for only \$18. Why not pick up a half dozen of them, and put one in each of your six limousines. After all, your wife will have a \$200 four-leaf clover for her handbag; she won't have any need for an \$18 St. Christopher medal.

Now let's round off our little dream by supposing that we are waiting on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street for your chauffeur to bring up the 12 passenger Lincoln, and meanwhile let's speculate on who the people are that are actually buying Fifth Avenue merchandise at these fantastic prices. You will always see, of course, a fair number of out-of-town visitors on Fifth Avenue: middle-aged school-teachers from Des Moines and stenographers from St. Louis and secretaries from Grand Rapids, most of them taking their first real fling at life. They may make a modest purchase or two, but you can be sure they won't be paying \$250 or any such price for a vanity case or a set of gem-encrusted bobby pins.

If you can recognize them by their

every-day faces, you will frequently see some of the movie-stars along Fifth Avenue. If the newspapers are reliable in their accounts, these idols of the silver-screen commute between the east and west coast with the regularity of a housewife going to the butcher-shop. And when they are in New York, you may be sure they do not pass up the opportunity of visiting the Fifth Avenue stores. Sometimes there is price-less publicity for them in such visits, and besides, with their keen practical sense of values, they are on the lookout for some thousand-dollar trinket or other for their present spouse, or the one they have in mind as next in line.

But there is no doubt that the bulk of the Fifth Avenue clientele, the really heavy purchasing power, lies with the families of our leading industrialists and corporation heads. It is a matter of common sense; no one else could afford to pay such prices. *Somebody* buys desk clocks at \$127 and ruby ear clips at \$2,725, otherwise these stores would not stay in business, much less run high-priced advertisements in the *New Yorker*. It does not take a master-mind to figure out what class is represented by that *somebody*.

There is a terrible irony in the fact that these same industrialists, in their paid publicity outlays in the newspapers and magazines, are piously belaboring the contention that the successive wage increases have brought them to such a pass that they can scarcely eke out a subsistence. If they can continue to do their shopping at the Fifth Avenue stores, they are still a few thousand miles from the poor-house.

We are far from advocating any forced share-the-wealth program by

which there will be no distinction between rich and poor. Even Russia has its rich and poor, and, from all accounts, the gulf between the two classes is even greater in that unfortunate country than in our own. But we do submit that in any country it is an unhealthy state of affairs when the rich can without any apparent twinge of conscience lay out on gem-encrusted knick-knacks amounts of money equal to the yearly wage of all their employees put together. And the picture becomes even more bleak when we reflect that whole pockets and corners of misery and starvation in our own country and in the world at large could be wiped out by what they pay for one solid gold napkin ring or a gem-encrusted tooth-pick holder.

Some day before the judge of nations the poor and naked and starving of the 20th century will present a terrible bill of accusation against those who were gifted with the world's goods; who saw their brother in need and hardened their hearts against him. Then indeed it will be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for the irresponsible rich to enter heaven in the face of such an accusation. What St. James promised to the rich of his day holds true of the heedless rich of our own times:

"Corruption has fallen on your riches; all the fine clothes are left moth-eaten, and the gold and silver have long lay rusting. That rust will bear witness against you; will bite into your flesh like flame. These are the last days given you, and you have spent them in heaping up a store of retribution."

If I were rich, I would be very much afraid.

When a Christian begins to prosper, it is always a question of whether the Lord is going to gain a fortune, or lose a soul.



Three Minute Instruction

Doctrines Revealed in the Resurrection

Besides being the seal of all faith in Christ and the all-satisfying basis of hope, the rising of Christ from the tomb on Easter taught certain specific doctrines that all men need to believe. They are doctrines that were doubted and denied at the time of Christ, and that are still doubted and denied by men today. Among them are especially these three:

1. *The essential dignity and goodness of the human body.* In Our Lord's time one of the popular philosophies was that of Plato, who taught that only the soul was good, that the body was an evil shell in which the soul was imprisoned for some past sin; that heaven consisted in a perfect release from the body. By His resurrection Our Lord proved that this doctrine was false; that human beings are composed of soul and body naturally united together; that while the body must share the punishment due to the soul, it will also share the reward that the soul can earn.

2. *The reality of the afterlife and the other world.* One of the famous sects of Jews in the time of Our Lord was that of the Sadducees, who were notorious for the fact that they did not believe in an afterlife for man. The Gospels even record the story of how they tried to ridicule life after death to Our Lord's face. So today there are many who say scornfully: "Who ever returned from the dead to tell us about another world?" Our Lord's resurrection was an answer both to the Sadducees and to the unbelievers of modern times. He is the one who returned from the grave to tell the world about life after death; indeed, He is the only one whose return from and account of that world answers all doubts forever.

3. *The superiority of the soul over the body, and the dependence of the latter on the former.* In Christ's time, just as today, there were many, and even the Apostles at times seemed to be among them, who looked only for bodily triumphs and worldly kingdoms as the end of man, to be won for him by a Redeemer. Christ's death on the Cross destroyed that false notion forever, and His resurrection proved that the greatest bodily pain and the most abject failure in the eyes of the world can be offset by the triumphant loyalty of the soul to God, and that in the end the body will share in the glory that has been won by the soul.

These are key doctrines of Christianity, and they are all given new clarity and force by the historical fact of the resurrection. They are the foundations of the faith and hope that are strengthened at Easter.

Laughs in the Army

A chaplain of the Far East campaigns recalls some of the simple things that made men laugh in war.

C. Dubart

A well-developed sense of humor is a wonderful gift. It spelled the difference between sanity and complete mental collapse for the American soldier, especially when in actual combat. The casual observer, if there could have been any such, would frequently have wondered how these men could laugh and joke and see humorous angles in things happening around them. Especially, when death was only a step or two away; when blood and filth were all around them; when hunger and misery were in their hearts.

But laugh they could and did—at combinations of ludicrous circumstances. And surely there were plenty of these: some brought about by natural causes; others created through the foibles and the pomposity of human beings.

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Perhaps the men of the regiment were expected to cheer. Certainly, they did nothing of the sort, when they heard they were going to be addressed by a visiting General. They knew all the inconveniences this portended, and they were at the moment having their fill of inconveniences and misery.

The regiment had fought and bled in the taking of this island in the Central Pacific from the Japanese. That it had bled and bled profusely, was testified by the number of crosses and stars of David it had contributed to the divisional cemetery. Then the island had been declared secured. But unfortunately, the Japanese, hiding in caves and hills, had not read the report. And so the regiment was called out from its

rest area (pup tents, sleeping on the ground, "C" and "B" rations, rain and mud). It was called out to share in the mopping-up operation at the northern end of the island. This was necessary because Japanese snipers had slipped out of their caves to harass the engineers in their construction work.

The mop-up had been accomplished. It was hard combat conditions again—sleeping in fox holes, night alerts, throwing of grenades, men getting wounded and killed. But now it was over. The men were in a quasi-rest area, somewhat worse than the rest area described above. But at least they were left alone, and had the opportunity of catching up on their sleep.

But now a General was going to speak to them. That meant they were to be rooted up and marched off to an assembly area. It meant a dirty, wearying march in the mud and slime of this miserable island, with men falling, to add one darker coat of mud to their already far from immaculate uniforms.

The various units of the regiment reached the assembly area. There they were lined up in formation. And at that moment, the skies opened and the men were drenched by a torrential, chilling rain. The General had not as yet arrived. And so the men became wet and wetter, and angry and angrier. This continued for the space of about half or three quarters of an hour.

Finally, the General arrived. The regiment stiffened to attention. The General was introduced. The General

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spoke about two minutes. The General was no orator. And the General had very little to say. And what the General said did little to warm the chilled bodies and more deeply chilled hearts of the men. And then the General rode away.

So, back into marching formation went the regiment. The men made their sliding, slipping, dirty, tiring journey back to their so-called rest area. But one whole section of men was convulsed with laughter, because one soldier, seeing something humorous in the whole picture, had reminded them in a stage whisper: "Well, fellows, it sure was worth it anyway!"

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The men of our 1st Battalion will never forget Onna Taka on the island of Okinawa. Onna Taka was one of the highest, if not the highest mountain on Okinawa. And those who were detailed to wresting it from the Japs will swear that it was the most dismal, depressing place they had ever seen.

This incident happened during the mop-up in the northern sector of Okinawa. The regiment had already engaged in the more concentrated fighting in the south. The Japanese held this peak, called Onna Taka, with a sizeable force, and with the help of machine guns strategically placed to control the few paths through the dense growth on this mountain. Our men had come unexpectedly upon this Jap stronghold as they swept (as the papers say), or rather inched up and down the mountains and ravines in this Okinawan mop-up. The Japs knew every inch of this forest primeval and they had machine guns, mortars and position. Our battalion carried only rifles, limited food and water supply, and had wandered upon terrain which was totally unfamiliar to it. A few attempts to dis-

lodge the Japanese had been bloody, and for some men, fatally repulsed. Eventually, through the patient planning of a skillful battalion commander, the Japs were driven off of Onna Taka with almost negligible American casualties.

Before that happy termination of the Battle of the Clouds on Onna Taka, there had transpired one of those most incongruous events which can take place only under war conditions.

The time was after the European War had ended. Already there was much talk of some of our officers and men being rotated and sent home. The regiment had already been overseas more than three years, had been through several combats, and very few of the officers or men had had any leave or furlough for over four years. Orders came from higher headquarters to poll the officers and men on whether they wished to continue in the service or be discharged. This was just a tentative gesture for purposes of future planning. And so word of this was radioed up to Onna Taka from below.

So—picture the scene. Our line officers and men are on the slope of Onna Taka. It had been raining miserably for several days. Clouds hung low almost permanently over the trees of Onna Taka. A constant mist seemed to distill from them. Miserable, dismal, funereal—these words do not describe the completely depressing atmosphere of the place.

In their fox-holes, crouched our line officers and men. They were filthy and dirty; tired and haggard and bearded; mud covered them from head to foot; and water half-filled the mud-holes which were their homes. Food supplies were dwindling, water was scarce. Some of their buddies had been killed or wounded just recently. The Japs seemed to

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hold an impregnable position. Mortar shells fell around them—rifle and machine gun bullets sped by their ears. If anything else is necessary for complete misery, add that to the picture, because these men were completely miserable.

At this juncture, in obedience to orders from higher headquarters, somebody crawls from fox-hole to fox-hole, and in a soft whisper through cupped hands, asks each line officer and man: "Do you want to stay in the Army, or would you like to go home?"

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We were on our way back from Nagaoka in Japan, where we had visited the German missionary, Father Hannacker of the Society of the Divine Word. There was no doubt about it, we were lost—my assistant and myself. We drove through several towns. There were many people there—there were many signs. But as you know, Japanese

symbols or letters are a bit difficult to interpret for the uninitiated. Finally, we stopped at a Japanese post-office. The office force there was eager to help. There were many suggestions given in response to our signed questions. But they were all given in that strange tongue called Japanese, or signed to us in meaningless gestures.

So we left the post-office, a bit more befuddled than before. An elderly Japanese gentleman, clothed in a kimono, had been watching us trying to twist our tongues around Japanese words and waving our arms about like wind-mills. As we came out of the post-office, he approached us. There was a look of dignified condescension in his eye for our violent and unavailing efforts, as he spoke to us as one would to a child—and in perfect English: "If you desire to reach Sanjo, simply drive to the corner and turn left."

Dream-Trading

The early Indians in North America were great believers in dreams, and believed that if a person did not through some means obtain any object that he dreamed of, he would be visited by the evil spirit with some great sickness and perhaps even death.

It was as a result of this superstition that an Indian chief came to Sir William Johnson, who headed one of the early British colonies, and told him that he had dreamed that Sir William had given him his fine red coat with gold-lace trimmings. Sir William saw that he would have to give away his coat, or the man's death might be laid to his charge. But he laid a plan of his own, and the next time he met the old chief, he told him that he had dreamed the tribe had given him a large tract of fine land that he had set his eye on. The Indian groaned at this terrible dream, but dreams were dreams; the tribe gave the land.

When the deal had been transacted, the old chief suggested in all seriousness that all should now stop dreaming.

Winning An Audience

The candidate for Senator was scheduled to speak in a small town, and was anxious to learn the religious affiliation of the majority of his audience, so as to avoid giving offence. He began his speech as follows:

"My great-grandfather was an Episcopalian (silence), but my greatgrandmother belonged to the Presbyterian church (more silence). My grandfather was a Baptist (continued silence), while my grandmother was a Congregationalist (more of the same)." Here the would-be senator began to get worried, but he plunged ahead: "I had a great-aunt who was a Methodist (loud applause)—and it is her example that I have always followed."



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: You have written about the sorrow of parents who have a wayward son or daughter. We have what we think is a greater sorrow in one of our children because it seems so utterly hopeless. One of our grown daughters has lost her mind and is confined to an institution. We call on her regularly, but she does not even recognize us, and the wild and foolish things she says tear our hearts to pieces. What comfort is there for us in this terrible trial?

Solution: Having visited many such patients ourselves in various mental institutions, we can readily understand how acute and seemingly hopeless must be the grief of parents whose children become strangers to them through the affliction of mental disease. Humanly and naturally speaking, little comfort can be found. Each visit to such a loved one is a new experience of utter separation and futile longing to do something for the sufferer.

Yet from the spiritual and supernatural viewpoint there are comforting thoughts for even such bitter trials. For one thing, the mentally deranged are spiritually safe and secure. They are incapable of committing a sin and therefore of losing their souls. For parents who have a grasp of the truth that their first obligation toward their children is that of helping them reach heaven, there is comfort in the thought that the great goal cannot be forfeited by one whom God permitted to lose the use of mind and will. Far better is the situation of such a one than that of a grown son or daughter who has deliberately given up the true faith and taken up a course of conduct that can easily lead to loss of the soul.

There is comfort too in the trust in God's Providence and the genuine hope that are essential elements of Christianity. God permits no sorrow without a reason and a purpose; He must have a great and sublime purpose in permitting so great a sorrow as that of seeing one dearly loved with a damaged mind. And through all the anguish of such separation there is the sure hope of reunion in heaven, where mind and will shall be in perfect order and elevated to a power of perception and love that cannot even be dreamed of in this world.

To all parents, husbands or wives, relatives and friends who have experienced this sorrow, the chapter of the autobiography of St. Therese, the Little Flower, is recommended in which she records her feelings and her spiritual comfort on the occasion when her father lost his mind. Little can be added to what is said there to bring to similar crosses the comfort of heaven.

Train Ride - 1947

Many articles have been written about the swift, shiny, comfortable streamliners of the modern railroad. But if you think that all trains are streamliners, take this trip to Saginaw with the author.

E. F. Miller

TO the inhabitant of Michigan (a state in the United States, bounded on the north by Lake Superior, on the east by Canada, Lake Huron and Lake St. Clair, on the south by Ohio and Indiana, and on the west by Lake Michigan and the State of Wisconsin, and claiming an area of 58,915 square miles) there are ways and means of traveling across the state without sacrificing a day's time, the mind's balance and the advances of science since the turn of the century. There are buses that accomodate you on a trip from Lake Michigan on the west side of the state to Saginaw, a city on the east side of the state. And there are private automobiles, with hard-top roads to give you speed in your journey. It is said that there are even airplanes—small jobs that fly back and forth without fanfare and whose existence is known to the various Chambers of Commerce and the pilots who do the steering. There is also a train.

It was imperative for me to go to Saginaw without delay, and my *situs* at the moment was the west side of the state. I was too far north to use one of the splendid stream-liners running between Chicago and Detroit and traveling most of cross-state Michigan on the flight; and I was too far south to consider myself outside the pale of modern conveniences in the way of travel. I took it for granted that there would be a train, and that in all probability the train would be a fairly good one. After all, Saginaw was not a one-house town. There were thousands of people there, some of whom, surely, would want to

get away from time to time, and then to return when their vacation or business was completed. The railroads, or *some* railroad could hardly turn down so rich an opportunity of gathering in fares as that. Therein lay my first mistake.

A timetable fell into my hands, and I examined it carefully. Yes, there was a train between the two points, my *terminus a quo* and my *terminus ad quem*. To be sure that I was not being deceived, I turned to the map that all timetables have, to check on whether or not there was a heavy black line between the two points. A heavy black line indicates that the *same* railroad goes between the two points. If there is a heavy black line part of the way, and a thin black line the rest of the way, you know that you have to transfer at some station or other, and mount a train of an entirely different railroad. On the map that I was examining a heavy black line went all the way. I turned to the page that marked the times of departure and arrival, and noted that in a very short time a train would depart from where I was, and would arrive at where I wanted to go, namely Saginaw, at such and such times.

Lulled into a state of carelessness by all this information, I bought a ticket at the window and sat down to await my train. The man at the window said nothing. He did not even smile. He was far different from that other man at that other window on another day who, when I asked him for a ticket to a certain place on a certain train, said:

"No! No! No! Never, my friend, *never* take *that* train (the one I requested a ticket for) for such a trip. It will take you all day. And you will suffer every minute of the journey." You would have thought that I was arranging for a place on the 20th Century Limited, the way this latter man wrote out my ticket and took my money. I should have been suspicious, for the depot seemed strangely empty. There were a few old men and a couple of Mexican women, all of whom, or nearly all of whom, I learned later, were riding on passes. Still I did not tumble to the fact that I was in for it, and good, as the young people say.

I was engrossed in a magazine when I heard a puffing and a clanging outside the window next to which I was sitting. I looked out and beheld a couple of cars being backed into the station. On the front of the cars was an engine which one generally associates with the business of switching and standing idle in freight yards. It was a small engine with only two drive wheels on it, and a tall chimney for the emission of smoke. The cars it was pushing were the black kind, the kind that make you tremble if you are in the habit of traveling very much. There was a day undoubtedly when people thought such cars were wonderful. But that day is long past. They give the suggestion of a roaring and a fighting, of iron meeting iron and neither giving way, of a swaying and a whipping, of straight-back plush seats that refuse to fit the body, and of a temperature that by fits and starts is so hot and dry that you almost perish in an attempt to get your breath, and so cold and damp that you put on your rubbers, your scarf, your hat and your coat in an effort to keep warm. Of course, not all black cars on railroad trains are precisely like that. But one

look at the ensemble outside my window told me that these were that way. I had ridden on them before. However, I was not too disturbed, for I knew that my journey was not too long. Furthermore, there were not many passengers; thus I would have a couple of seats to myself. This would be a nice change after the rushing and crowding and pushing that were characteristic of the better trains that were making a bid for the traveling public.

A boy, with hair streaming down his neck like a cave-man's, picked up my bag and led me to one of the coaches. I rewarded him for his services, and found for myself a seat. The coach was almost entirely my own—mine and the conductor's. He (the conductor) was a dour man, one who, it seemed, was not used to having passengers on his train, and therefore was not going to show too much approval of the phenomenon of having a few of them on his hands now. He was fat and pudgy, and wore a white, silk scarf under the collar of his coat. When I asked him if this train was going to such and such a place, he did not deign to answer. Later on he came back and proffered the information that it was. But his attitude was, that it was alright to ask one question, but let that be the end of it. He didn't have all day to answer foolish questions, put by foolish people. He then disappeared, and that was the last I saw of him.

After a decent interval we got under way. It was all that I had anticipated. With every tiny burst of speed there was the awfulest racket you ever heard. Like a boiler factory under full blast. On top of that there was a snapping back and forth as the car hit crooked rails that was reminiscent of the days in school when we used to play a game called "Crack the Whip." I watched

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the car ahead of me which I could see through the glass door at the front of my coach. It tossed and tumbled, gyrated and twisted as though it were in mortal agony. I wondered how it could hold the tracks; or better still, how it could still be in one piece at the end of the journey. Then I recalled that my coach was doing the same thing. And I seized hold of my stomach in an effort to keep my internal organs from flying asunder.

After three or four hours of this I found that the black line on the timetable had deceived me and I arrived at my first point of change. I got out and went into the station. The day was wet and snowy; the skies were almost completely overcast. Soot from the smoke of many engines hung heavy on everything that met the eye. The inside of the station gave little relief to the drabness of the scene outside. Such lights as were burning were of the yellow, weak variety, the depressing kind that remind you of partings and farewells. In one corner stood a counter that served as a restaurant behind which a few middle-aged women were serving sandwiches and coffee. In another corner stood the inevitable magazine rack. I went over to it, driven by the delusion that I might find something to lift my spirit. But no. It was as I should have expected. An array of bodies posed half-nakedly in front of me. Some of them were dressed in bathing suits which were supposed to enhance their beauty but which to me destroyed their beauty insofar as all the emphasis was laid on sex. I do not find sex in itself and divorced from all the other characteristics that go to make up womanhood, or manhood either for all that, beautiful. I find it revolting and vulgar beyond words. Others were dressed in conventional clothes, but

clothes that were partly torn off as the result of an encounter with some beast of a man who apparently was about to commit a murder. These were the mystery and detective magazines. There were scores of them. They depressed me more than I already was. So, I went back to my bench and sat down. A man stood over me after a moment or two, and out of a clear sky asked me how old I thought he was. When I had no answer to his question, he volunteered the information that he was ninety two, and that each day he came down to the station to watch the trains come in and go out. Sixty years ago he was a switchman on this very train. And so on. After a time he went off and left me to my thoughts. There was no sign of my connecting train. I went up to the ticket-window and asked the man, and he said that it would be in at any moment now. It seemed that it did not have any particularly regular schedule according to which it ran. Once more I went back to my bench and sat down.

It may be that I fell asleep; I do not know. But whether asleep or not, I was aroused from my quiescent state by a noise of thunder not fifty yards distant from where I sat. I straightened up sharply and saw a freight train rolling past, and then coming to a halt. It was a long freight train, consisting mostly of loaded coal cars, and having for its last car a caboose-coach combination that certainly had nothing in common with the last thirty years of railroad engineering in the sense of railroad architecture. It was made of wood and had little chimneys on the top with covers or tiny roofs on them like the ones you see emerging from the roofs of make-shift kitchens. I speculated on the apparition for a few moments when I heard the man behind the ticket win-

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dow call out: "All aboard for Saginaw." No, I said to myself. It cannot be. Not in this day and age. Surely not a freight train. Surely not a caboose that must have been made in the days of Grover Cleveland. But yes. So it was. A well-dressed man who apparently was also going to Saginaw devoted a minute or two to eloquent profanity, and then picked up his bag and mounted the car. I followed him.

The inside of the car was exactly what I had expected. Six oil lamps hung from the sides, and their light was so indifferent that it was impossible to read by it. The seats were straight-backed affairs calculated to produce the greatest amount of torture for the sorry occupant who sat on them. A large coal stove sat in the middle of the aisle and near the front, which the conductor insisted on stoking with coal until the interior of the car became a veritable inferno. The conductor was a man who wore no uniform signifying his position, but rather had on his head one of those skiing hats with heavy ear muffs, and on his body a pair of respectable overalls. While we were still in the station he collected our tickets, making non-committal answers all the while to the questions of the half dozen passengers or so as to when we would depart and when we would arrive at our destination. To me in *sotto voce* he said as he punched my ticket, "They ask these silly questions every day. I can't say any more than the next man when we will arrive. After all, this is a freight train, and we have to dump cars all the way to Saginaw."

They did dump cars all the way to Saginaw. We would stop in the middle of the country and sit there for as long as an hour while coal cars would be

shunted down sidings. On one occasion I recall we stopped right next to the kitchen of a house in the middle of nowhere. It would seem that in that kitchen a young bride was preparing her first meal, or one of her first meals, for her newly acquired husband. She would drop a few grains of salt on the meat sizzling on the stove, and then her husband would kiss her. She would make a pass at the potatoes with a spoon, and her husband would kiss her again. And so on. Our coach was so near the window that one might say we had orchestra seats for the pretty little show being enacted within the confines of that kitchen.

Meanwhile an argument started between two ancient men who were occupying seats directly behind me. One of them was smoking a pipe and sending forth large clouds of smoke. The other old man could not stand it. Finally, in a burst of irritation that could be heard all over the car, he cried out, "Stop that smoking! This is not a smoking car anyway." There was humor in his words. They intimated that all one had to do to find a smoking car was to move forward to the car that was allocated to that purpose. The truth of the matter was, the only cars ahead of our own were coal cars; and one could hardly enjoy a smoke on top of them. But the old man so reprimanded put out his pipe without a word, and made no rejoinder.

It was with a sigh of great relief that we finally pulled into Saginaw. And it was with a resolution firm and unshaken that we dismounted from our caboose-coach. We resolved that henceforth when we went to Saginaw, we would walk if no better means of transportation presented itself to us.

Dramatic Moments in Great Lives (2)

Battle With Despair

One of the decisive moments in the career of St. Alphonsus Liguori, when all his greatness might have been lost.

H. J. O'Connell

THE sun was shining brightly on the olive groves and vineyards that covered the steep hillsides near the little town of Scala, and glinting from the tranquil surface of the sea as it lapped the southern Italian shore. Shepherds lazily watched their sheep, nibbling at the tufts of grass between the rocks; and vine dressers sang their haunting melodies as they slowly went about their work. In that scene of peace and quiet contentment, no one would have suspected that in the darkness of a nearby cave, high above the shining sea, a man's soul was fighting the bitter battle with discouragement and despair. No one knew that the fate of a great religious order and the salvation of countless souls depended on the outcome.

Only a few years before that spring day in 1733, Alphonsus de Liguori had hung his bright sword, badge of the Italian nobleman, at the foot of Our Lady's shrine in Naples, and dedicated his life and talents to God's service. With all the enthusiasm of his generous nature, he then gave himself wholeheartedly to the acquiring of the knowledge and holiness that would be necessary for the work in life which God intended him to do. What that work would be, he did not as yet know; but he was resolved that, as far as possible to human effort aided by God's grace, he would be ready for it when the time came.

After his ordination, at the age of twenty eight, the realization of his

special vocation came home to him. While preaching in the country districts of southern Italy, he came to know the heart-breaking spiritual poverty of the simple people whose lives were spent tending the flocks and caring for the olive trees and grapevines upon the lonely hills. These people were Catholics, indeed; but their ignorance of the Faith appalled Alphonsus' zealous heart. The outward observances of Catholic life had almost become for them empty forms, whose meaning they did not grasp. Many did not know even the essentials of the catechism. These men and women had, too, the strong, quick passions of the Latin peoples, and little guidance was given them in governing these passions. The very Name of God was oftener on their lips in blasphemy than in prayer. In Naples, priests were many; but few there were to care for these poor, simple children of the hills.

The flint of such spiritual poverty and abandonment struck from Alphonsus' soul the spark of a great ideal. This, he felt, was his work in life. This the field to which God called him. He would spend his energies and efforts bringing the knowledge and love of God to these most abandoned souls.

The call of grace in his own heart was echoed by the voice of revelation. To Maria Celeste Crostarosa, a holy nun of the convent of Scala, God made known His Will that a society of priests be established to minister to the spiritual needs of the country people. And in the designs of God, the Sister declar-

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ed, Alphonsus was to be their leader.

The zealous young priest weighed and pondered in the sight of God the revelation that had been submitted to him. He consulted his director of conscience and other spiritual advisers. Well he knew the opposition which the plan would meet from the members of his family, who were expecting for him a brilliant career. He knew, too, the difficulty of starting such a project in the worldly, anti-clerical Naples of the time. He realized how many, even among good men, would laugh at him as a visionary, an enthusiastic, headstrong young fool. Nevertheless, when all sides of the matter had been considered, the answer of his advisers was the same as that of his own conscience: "The work is God's Will. It is your duty to undertake it."

Unhesitatingly, he made known his intention, and sought for companions who would help him. Soon three priests, Vincent Manarini, John Baptist Donato, and Peter Romano joined him, and a few others promised to come later. In a simple ceremony at the guest house of the Sisters' convent at Scala, on November 9, 1732, the foundations of the new institute were laid. Two laymen, Vitus Curtius and Sylvester Tosquez arrived a few days later to increase the little group.

Immediately, the priests, under the leadership of Alphonsus, applied themselves to their chosen work of preaching to the poor. At the Bishop's invitation, a course of sermons was given in the Cathedral of Scala, and the first real mission followed at Tramonti. Other apostolic labors were undertaken in the neighboring villages with evident good results. It seemed that the new Congregation was well on the way to success.

However, the founding of a new religious order is not simply a matter of

gathering a few men together and giving them a name. The rule must be carefully formulated, the scope of the work clearly outlined, and the means of livelihood established. All these problems had to be faced and settled by Alphonsus and his companions.

Soon traces of the Cross, which marks the start of every great work for God, began to appear. Especially regarding the choice of a rule for the new Congregation, trouble and difficulty arose. Not only did Alphonsus' priestly companions each have his own very definite ideas of what the new rule should contain, but even Tosquez, a layman, proved a source of confusion and disunion by his interference in the direction of the nuns of Scala, and by his rebellion against Msgr. Falcoia, Bishop of Castellamare, who was at the time spiritual director of Alphonsus, and one of the chief supports of the young institute.

Manarini, Donato, and Tosquez wanted the scope of the Congregation to include the education of the young. Alphonsus saw the necessity of restricting the work to the primary aim, the preaching of missions to the poor and abandoned souls of the country districts. There were other differences of opinion, too, ranging from the important to the ridiculous, such as Tosquez' proposal that the members should wear red, white, and blue habits, and beg their bread from door to door. Still, important or ridiculous, each clung to his own opinion, and would not yield.

The affair ended in a tragic climax. On Good Friday, April 1, 1733, Manarini, Donato, and Tosquez declared to Alphonsus that they could no longer remain with him. They withdrew to form a new congregation according to their own ideas. Romano, seeing the others leave, lost heart, and also departed. Thus, Alphonsus, just five months after

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the joyful beginning of his work, was left alone, with only the laybrother, Vitus Curtius, as his companion.

In his old age, Alphonsus revealed that the temptation to give up, which beset him at this time, was one of the severest of his life. Retiring to the darkness of a little cave at Scala, one of his favorite places of prayer and penance, he fought the battle against doubt and despair. Through his tormented soul ran memories of the dire predictions that had been made about the failure of his dreams. "Perhaps the scoffers of Naples were right," he thought. "Maybe I am just an enthusiastic visionary, led to ruin by pride. It may be that Maria Celeste is deluded, and has deluded me in turn. If this work were God's Will, would He thus let it come to naught? How can I carry on alone? Why not return to Naples, where I was doing a useful work for souls?"

But on the other hand, he reflected, the task he had taken upon himself was a needful one. If he abandoned these souls, who would help them? Moreover, he assured himself, he was acting,

not upon the revelations of Maria Celeste, but upon the advice of his director, and with the approval of deeply spiritual and prudent men. If God willed, he could even raise up members for the Congregation from the very stones.

While the conflict was raging in his soul, Alphonsus, aided by the grace of God, rose to the heights of heroism. Once again, in the darkness of the cave, he renewed the vow of perseverance which he had made five months before: "*My God, I shall not turn back! I shall not give up the work! It is Thy Will that I go on; and, though I be left all alone, with Thy help I shall reach the goal!*"

On the granite rock of that resolution, the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer was founded. Many have been the storms that it has weathered in its long history of over two hundred years; but none threatened its existence as severely as that storm of doubt and despair which, in the lonely cave at Scala, raged in the soul of the first Redemptorist.

American Desert

The following statistics have been issued by the zealous Bishop Gerow of the Natchez diocese, which comprises the entire State of Mississippi. They are likely to prove startling, particularly to those who may be inclined to feel complacent about the progress of the Church in our country.

Out of 82 counties in Mississippi, 53 have no resident priest. These 53 counties comprise an area of 29,357 square miles, an area greater than the combined areas of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont and New Hampshire, an area equal to the whole of Ireland.

In 33 Mississippi counties, there is no Catholic building of any kind. This means that an area more than twice the size of Massachusetts has no Catholic church. An area more than four times the size of Massachusetts has not even one Catholic school.

Out of a total population of 2,183,796 in Mississippi, there are only 43,858 Catholics. Of Mississippi's 1,009,718 Negro residents, only 4,844 are Catholic, an average of one in 200. In the Belgian Congo, a mission-field, one in four is Catholic.

Mississippi is only one state out of many with similar conditions. Certainly there is much work to be done before we can grow complacent. And without any solicitation on Bishop Gerow's part, we might suggest that his efforts to improve the situation are worthy of your charity.

BIBLICAL PROBLEMS (5)

E. A. Mangan

The Apocryphal Books

The Problem: Non-Catholics reject seven books of the Old Testament that are to be found in the Catholic bible and label them "apocryphal." The seven books are: Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, 1st and 2nd Machabees. In some of the Lutheran and Anglican bibles these books are printed in an appendix, but most non-Catholic bibles omit them altogether. Why do non-Catholics do this?

The Solution: The problem is intimately linked with the whole question of the why and how of differences between the Catholic and non-Catholic bible. Originally the word "apocryphal" meant "hidden" or "secret" and was used of books that were kept from the general public and shown only to the initiated. Gradually the term came to be used of books of the bible that were falsely claimed to be inspired or were erroneously considered inspired by a few individuals. In this second sense there are actually many books that at one time or another were erroneously claimed to be inspired and a true part of the bible. They were books written within the space of a few centuries, from about two hundred years before Christ to the third or fourth century. Some of them are good and pious books and of some value in substantiating the real bible. However, the majority of the apocryphal works are obviously impostures and foolish, and some of them are even vicious and evil.

Non-Catholics reject seven of the genuine books of the bible and call them "apocryphal." If their reason for so doing were valid, they would logically have to reject the whole New Testament, because the only reason given for this rejection is that some of the Jewish bibles do not have these seven books.

The seven books in question were written in the late years just before the coming of Christ. It is certain that the Jews all over the world outside of Palestine considered them inspired, because they were taken bodily into the Greek bible and were taken without question by the Christian church and used just as frequently as all the other books of the Old Testament. Whether the Jews of Palestine accepted them all at any time is disputed, but it is certain that they had some of them. About a hundred years after Christ, the Jews at their council of Jamnia, decided to drop them from their bibles and orders to that effect were given the Jews throughout the world. The reasons they gave were that these books were not ancient enough, or that they were written in a different language than the sacred Hebrew. However, the real reason seems to have been that the seven books were being used so universally by the Christians. The Council of Trent, reaffirming the belief of early Christian times, declared these books and all the books of the Old and New Testament to be the inspired word of God.

Non-Catholics call the seven books named above "apocryphal" and reject them ostensibly because the Jews reject them. The real reason, evident from many non-Catholic writings, is because of the doctrinal content of these books. The Second Book of Machabees, for example, contains the doctrine of Purgatory, and of prayers and sacrifices for the dead. The Book of Tobias teaches the efficacy and necessity of good works. These teachings do not square with Protestant "teaching", and hence the books are rejected.

Primer on Inflation

Could you answer all the questions of this child?

L. F. Hyland

DADDY, what is in—in—flation?

Ha! Reading the paper again, I see? Well, I'll tell you. Inflation is a situation in which market prices are violently out of proportion to real values. It is a condition in which monetary values have disintegrated while commodity and property and credit values have expanded without limit. It is—

Aw, you don't want to tell me what in—in—flation is.

Pardon me, son. I was just reminiscing on my economics class. I'd love to tell you just what inflation is.

What is it?

Let's start with something simple. When was the last time I bought you a balloon?

Last summer, out in the park.

Do you remember how small the balloon was when you held it in your hand, before blowing it up?

Yes. It was just a little piece of rubber.

And remember how we blew it up till it was about the size of a watermelon?

Yes, only it was a pink watermelon.

Well, that was the result of inflation. Inflation means blowing something up, making something small seem like something very large.

But that can't be what it means here. It says here that inflation makes everybody poor. Balloons don't make people poor.

Just take your time and we'll come to that. You can inflate other things besides balloons.

What, for instance?

Well, the value of things. For instance, suppose you have always been buying candy bars at a certain store for a nickel, and one day you go into the store and the man behind the counter tells you that the nickel candy bar now costs a dime. The candy bar has been inflated—made to seem worth more than it really is.

I know that, Daddy. Because Mr. Jones where I buy candy when you give me a nickel has got only little tiny candy bars for a nickel, and all the big ones cost a dime now.

Well, that's the result of inflation. It means you've got to have more money to buy less. Now you can see why the man in the paper says inflation makes everybody poor.

Why, Daddy?

I'll give you an example and you'll see. Suppose a man with a family makes \$40 a week. Suppose that before there was inflation he could buy just about everything he needed for his family with that \$40. Now inflation comes along and everything he buys costs twice as much as it did before. He used to pay 10 cents for a loaf of bread and now he has to pay 20. He used to buy butter for 40 cents a pound and now he has to pay 80. And so with everything. How much money does he really have?

Only half as much as he had before.

That's right. He gets the same \$40, but now it's worth only \$20, and so he is really poor. He can buy only half as much as he used to buy, and that's not enough for his family.

But what makes inflation? Why don't somebody stop it?

That's a big question. But when you get right down to the bottom of it, you always find that inflation comes only because some people are greedy.

You mean they want more than their share of something? Mother says I'm greedy if I always want the biggest piece of cake.

That's just about the size of it, son. It's when a lot of people want the biggest piece of cake that we get inflation.

Tell me how.

It's this way. Inflation gets its chance when there isn't enough of something in the stores so that everybody can buy all that he wants.

Isn't there enough now?

No, because during the war so many people had to stop making the things other people wanted and had to make guns and tanks and ships and airplanes in order to win the war. The war lasted several years, and that was a long time in which a lot of things people wanted were not being made.

That's why we had rationing, wasn't it, Daddy?

Yes, and now that the war is over, and that they have stopped making guns and things like that, and have given up rationing, they are beginning to make the things people want again, like automobiles, refrigerators, furniture, and so on. But it will take a long time to make enough for everybody who wants to buy these things, and so there is a shortage—there are not enough to go around.

That's why you said you have to wait six months before you can get a new automobile, isn't it?

Right. But that's where the greed comes in. Two kinds of people get greedy when there is a shortage of things. First, the people who make

things get greedy. They know that because there are so many people who want what they are making, some of them will have lots of money and will be willing to pay any price for it. So they make the price higher than it ought to be.

Then they are very greedy people, aren't they, Daddy?

Yes, but they are not all the greedy people. It is the people who buy things who are also greedy. If there is a shortage and they might have to wait six months or a year for what they want, some of them offer the people who make things extra large prices so that they won't have to wait—so that they'll be the very first ones to get what they want. Then when the seller finds out how easy it is to get people to pay big prices for little things, he charges everybody that way.

But is everything you want to buy something that there isn't enough of for everybody?

No, not everything. But as soon as some things go away up in price, pretty soon everything else follows suit. It works like this: The farmer wants a new car. But he finds that the cost is almost twice as much as it used to be because there aren't enough cars to go around and so many people are greedy to buy cars first and so many others are greedy to make money on cars. What does the farmer do? He charges his customers twice as much as usual for what he sells, so that he will be able to pay twice as much for a new car.

Why doesn't the president or somebody do something to stop that?

A lot of people did try, but they didn't get very far.

Why not?

For several reasons. The president and others wanted to keep on doing what was done during the war, i.e. prevent

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people who make things from raising their prices because there weren't enough to go around. But the people who make things argued against this so hard and long that finally the president dropped it and let them make their own prices.

That's why inflation came, isn't it Daddy?

It's not the only reason. Even if the president and congress made them keep their prices within reason, there were many people who were so greedy and so anxious to get scarce things that they would pay black market prices for them.

What's that, Daddy?

Black market prices were prices that were illegal—against the law, but that people paid secretly. For instance, suppose the law said that the man in the candy store could sell candy bars for not more than 5 cents. Suppose he had only a few—not enough for all the boys and girls who came to his store. Now suppose that you went into the store and left one nickel on the counter where the storekeeper would get it, and paid him another for a candy bar. You would be paying 10 cents and that would be a black market price.

Did people do that very much, Daddy?

So much that some of us didn't know which was better—to have a black market with lots of people breaking the law, or to have inflation, with greedy

people raising prices and greedy buyers paying extra for ordinary things.

Then it looks as if the only way to stop inflation is to stop people from being greedy.

Son, you've said a thing that is wise beyond your years.

But we don't have to be greedy, do we, Daddy?

No, we don't. And that's why we're going to wait for a new car till we can get one without paying anybody anything extra for it. That's why we don't have butter at every meal, and won't have until the greedy people stop trying to make extra money on it. That's why we won't buy a new radio, or a new furnace or a new rug until the price of these things is ordinary again.

Is that the way to stop inflation, Daddy?

Yes, if enough people will do it. The only reason there is inflation is because many people are so confounded eager to buy things that the makers can charge them anything and get away with it. If many people just put their money in bonds or in the bank and let it rest for a while, the prices will soon come down, and inflation will be ended.

Then I won't beg you to get a new radio any more—'till there are lots of radios and there isn't any inflation.

That's wonderful, son. Your cooperation will be deeply appreciated. And now it's time for your sleep. We'll see that you always get enough of that.

Private Business

The little daughter of a family we heard of recently was placed on a strict diet as far as candy was concerned, as she manifested some tendency to diabetes. The little girl naturally didn't like this situation at all, and her mother had to be quite strict in enforcing the rule.

One night the tot was saying her night prayers, and was heard to say:

"And please, Lord, forgive mother for being cross with me, and also please send me some candy tomorrow."

"Why, Susan," said her mother, "You know you shouldn't ask for something that is bad for you."

"Mother," returned the tot, "don't interfere between me and God."



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

On Sickness as Punishment

Sometimes one meets with a strange mixture of ideas concerning sickness as a punishment from God. Certain types of souls readily grasp the fact that sickness can and should be accepted as a punishment for their past sins, but they go farther than that and permit themselves to worry endlessly over the supposition that it is also a sign that God has not forgiven them for their past sins, or that He will not forgive them. Thus they make sickness a reason for despairing of God's mercy; they accept it as a sign that they will never be forgiven.

This is a mark of scrupulosity and must be vigorously resisted. Only after death, and only for those who have lived hardened in sin, does God mete out punishment that excludes the possibility of forgiveness. In this life, God permits people to suffer for their offenses against Him, but always in order that they may be moved to seek His forgiveness and to avoid the punishment that would be without hope in the next world. Furthermore, it is so easy to obtain God's forgiveness in this world that no amount of fear or terror of His judgments should ever interfere with the simple procedure that infallibly changes His anger into love. No matter how evil has been a man's past life, he has only to be sincerely sorry for it because of God's goodness and power, to make a good confession, and to determine that he will never go back to the same ways of sin again, to obtain full forgiveness. On top of all that he can offer up his suffering as a shut-in in atonement for the evil he has done, and the result will be a very special relation of friendship with God.

Sometimes a spirit of worldliness is behind the refusal to accept sickness as a punishment that can lead to strong friendship with God. People who are so attached to health and pleasure and happiness in this world that they seldom or never think of the next world, are naturally inclined to think of sickness as the greatest and only punishment and one that proves their continued unworthiness in the sight of God. Such worldliness must be removed by thoughts of the inevitability of death, of the chief purpose of life, of the untimely death of the Redeemer, and of the power of pain to revivify the soul. No sickness is too painful a price to pay for having offended God even in small ways: neither is it too great a burden to bear in return for forgiveness.

Labor Unions in Russia

Most of the facts used in this article are taken from a recently released publication of the Congressional Library, House Document No. 754, titled "Communism in Action." Read and try to understand, if possible, how any working man could desire Communism for this country or for any people.

D. J. Corrigan

THE last strike that took place in the Soviet Union was away back in 1921. At that time the Kronstadt sailors demanded freedom of speech and the press, the liberation of workers and peasants held as political prisoners, equal rations for all workers and the right of nonprofiteering peasants and artisans to sell the products of their labor. For this they were treated as counter-revolutionaries and their protests were drowned in blood. (Freda Utley) According to Manya Gordon, "strikes, in the unwritten and unpublished Soviet law, are forbidden." Thus by the will of the government the workers are deprived of the only weapon that might protect their interests.

The history of the trade-unions in Russia is enlightening. Before the Revolution (in 1917) these unions were regarded by the Communists as "organs for revolt" and the spearhead of the coming Revolution. In the first flush of revolutionary victory it was thought that the worker, through the Soviet, would also manage, direct and control the factories. But it appears that these unskilled hands soon made a mess of management, until the economic status of the country was far worse than under the low standards of the Czars. With the former owners and managers "liquidated", foreign directors had to be imported (most of whom were soon disillusioned about Communism) and native managers trained. Then was inaugurated the speed-up period called

the New Economic Policy of Lenin, to be followed by the Five Year Plans under Stalin, under which most of the crude methods of Communism were discarded in favor of the proved ways of Capitalism. The state ownership and dictatorship remained, however, and this "dictatorship masked a power which no capitalist possesses."

In the beginning the Communist leaders, in spite of their immorality, displayed a certain amount of idealism. They "formally decreed an eight hour day, prohibited night work and underground work for women and children, established annual holidays of 2 weeks to one month at full pay and a social security scheme which covered unemployment, disablement, sickness and pregnancy. The contents of some of these decrees were later amended." In the light of succeeding facts our Congressional Report puts that very mildly, for it seems that these beneficial social reforms were practically annihilated.

Up to the period when the First 5-Year Plan was taking shape (1926), the traditional notion that "unions were designed to protect workers against the driving, cost-cutting and overzealousness of management" still prevailed to a certain extent in Soviet Russia. As long as Michael Tomskey, a member of the Politbureau and a close friend of Lenin, kept his power as head of the unions, he partially prevented his followers from becoming "obedient organs" of the State in its planned in-

dustrial expansion. But finally Tomskey, along with all his workers, had to succumb to the dictatorial power of the Soviet and he later committed suicide. Here it might be remarked that Tomskey was "the only member of the Politbureau at the time of Lenin's death, excepting Stalin, who was not killed as a 'traitor' or 'wrecker' in later years, or banished, as was Trotsky."

Thereafter the Russian unions lost their only likeness to our American unions and their only, if forlorn, chance of freedom. "With the liquidation of Tomskey, the unions ceased to be independent organs of labor and became part of the apparatus of the government machinery in which labor and unions had their assigned parts to play." Henceforth the main reason for the existence of union organization was to be "discipline"—a word covering a multitude of ways in which government managers were to get more work out of the laborer. In 1930 the Sixteenth Congress of the Communist Party declared: "Under the leadership of the Party the trade-unions have now removed their bankrupt leaders and have begun a determined fight against the elements of 'trade-unionism' and opportunism in the trade union movement." Under this policy, which has held to this day, Phil Murray and William Green would be liquidated, while almost every working man in the United States would have to succumb or be sent to the forced labor camps of Siberia. But in Russia "the 'cooperation' of the unions and the Government was complete."

On this point Kravchenko, the Soviet official who deserted the Communists and wrote *I Chose Freedom*, observes: "Since trade-union officials could not open their mouths, let alone make decisions, without permission from the Party, they were generally men of no

importance. . . . The whole institution of labor organizations under a dictatorship seemed a curious remnant of the distant past. It was not even a hoax, since no one was fooled by the rigamarole of meetings, least of all the workers." Barmine, a former Soviet official, observed:

"In dealing with my staff I found that trade-unionism had practically ceased to exist. Formerly the union local had been a power to be reckoned with whenever it came to inflicting punishment, dismissing employees, or in any way altering wages or other conditions of labor. Now neither the factory directors nor we—executives in Soviet institutions—needed to bother our heads about anyone representing labor. The local existed, but its activities were confined to carrying out the biddings of the Party cell."

Perhaps the most devastating statement about Russian labor unions came from the father of Kravchenko, who was exasperated with his son as the embodiment of Soviet success:

"The worker doesn't much care who exploits him, a private owner or the State. When he's dragged off to prison or exiled, it's small consolation to him that it's being done in his own name. After all, when the capitalist boss didn't pay me enough or failed to give me decent working conditions, I could change my job. I could propagandize my fellow workers, call protest meetings, pull strikes, join political parties, publish opposition literature. Try any of that today and you'll wind up in a prison camp or worse. Believe me, we had more chance dealing with a hundred thousand capitalist employers than we have with one employer now—the State. Why? Because the State has an army and secret police and unlimited power. There was a time when labor organizations were really spokesmen for the workers. They were political schools in which we learned to demand our rights and to fight for them. Who dares protest against anything today? The press, which poses as a mouthpiece of

public opinion, is now the property of the Party and the State. It reflects only their opinion."

In Russia not all workers belong to the Communist Party, the only political party allowed in the Soviet; in fact, only a very few million out of Russia's 180 some million population are trusted to become members. The workers, however, as well as the peasants and all others are under the absolute dictatorship of the Party, which means that they are at the mercy of the clique in control. In name, trade-unions are supposed to be voluntary organizations, but practically all workers join up. Otherwise, they forfeit most of the benefits of the social security program, or what is left of it. For union dues, the government contributes 2 percent of the annual payroll allotted to workers, while each worker gives one percent: this really means that the toiler turns in 3 percent of what he earns.

In the beginning the Communists rather naïvely assumed that all workers would, for an equal wage, give their best to their jobs, but they soon found that human beings would not, as a rule, exert themselves without the hope of personal gain. From that time the policy of "discipline" was imposed on the unions and it became the only excuse for their existence. In order to increase production, the government made use of every trick of the "despised capitalists and a whole lot more. These methods were termed "labor discipline", "shock brigades", "socialist competition", a system of wage payments based on standard tasks, piece rates, measured production, bonuses and the increase of "norms" with the progress of industry, Stakhanovism (a special kind of speed-up work), "heroes of socialist toil", rest homes for fast workers, etc. Moreover, almost from the very beginning

the Soviet has made use of "slave labor", in which the Congressional Report estimates on reliable authority that there are about *twenty million* human beings employed under impossible conditions.

It is a cardinal principle of the Communist faith that in no circumstances can a capitalist employer behave otherwise than as a ruthless exploiter. This accounts for the extraordinary distortions of fact and misrepresentation of motive always found when the Soviet describes labor conditions in other countries. For the sake of the record we make a comparison of labor conditions between the U.S.S.R. and the United States. The following facts are taken from the Congressional Report, "Communism in Action":

1) *Unions*: "It is a fact that trade-unions in the United States are independent, fighting representatives of the workers, interested in the success of the enterprise that employs them, to be sure, but primarily interested in protecting the human and democratic rights of the workers against the apathy, the convenience, or the self-interest of the employer." In contrast, "in the U.S.-S.R. labor leaders are not leaders of labor independent of both government and the employer, with an independent treasury and strike funds, independent of the 'boss' control, and free to fight for the rights of the workers to a comfortable and steadily less onerous existence. They get what they get because the government and Party orders it so."

2) *Wages*: It is unnecessary to elaborate on wage scales in America, as most people are more or less familiar with them. In Russia, the original plan of wages was a socialist ideology called equalitarianism, in which each was to give according to his ability and take according to his needs. But, as we

have seen, this did not work and in the 30's Stalin was characterizing this wage equality as "counter-revolutionary" and "rotten liberalism." The strange part of it is that today "in the Soviet the tendency is towards wider differentials and inequalities in wages, while in the United States, a capitalist land, the trend is towards a 'living wage' and a narrowing of differences in pay among the different classes of workers."

"There does not seem to be any national minimum wage in the Soviet Union." Each year the Gosplan (Government Planning Agency) allots so much of the national funds for wages and each factory manager has to adjust his wage scale accordingly. Thus we see that Russian trade-unions do not have a thing to say in the important matter of wages. That the Russian workers can hardly be satisfied with their pay is evident from the fact that "unemployment compensation in the United States and even relief under the WPA gave workers a greater command over goods and services than full employment has given the average Russian worker in the period of the three Five Year Plans." In 1941 so good a friend of the Soviet as Mr. Ralph Ingersoll, former editor of the leftist PM, after a visit to Russia came to the conclusion that "a typical Soviet industrial worker was able to buy commodities in Moscow on his weekly earnings which could be purchased for \$10 in the United States." At that time the average factory wage per week in the United States was \$29.58. Another peculiarity of the dictated Russian wage scale is the fact that the Soviet worker apparently gets no extra pay for overtime labor, of which there has been plenty during the past twenty years. I wonder how many American workers would stand for that!

3) *The workers*: All the factors of industry in Russia "work to place the human element in production in a very subordinate position." Evidently women are considered on a par with men in the great industrial machine that is Russia, for "in no country in the world is there so large a proportion of women in industry, especially in heavy industry, as there is in Soviet Russia. Between January 1, 1929 and November 1, 1939, the proportion of women manual laborers increased from 28.8 to 43.4 percent." This fits in with the number of female front line soldiers that the Soviet armies apparently had during the war. Kravchenko states: "The emphasis was on output, in utter contempt of the men who did the work." Elsewhere he writes: "Beginning with the year 1936 any fatal industrial accident became the subject of criminal investigation. Often they tried the wrong people, but in Russia this is relatively unimportant. The main thing was that the technicians and the workers alike began to appreciate and correctly evaluate human life and this was extremely important in a country where tyranny, war, famine and strife had made life very cheap."

4) *Housing and food*: "A room for a whole family is standard for the western regions of Russia, barracks or crudely covered dugouts in the Siberian or eastern regions. This is not a war phenomenon but has been a characteristic of Soviet economic planning from the beginning." In comparison, American housing, in spite of all the improvements that are needed, seems palatial. In 1935 Walter Citrine, general secretary of the British Trade Union Congress, after his second tour of Soviet western industrial cities, stated that "he never located a worker's family with its own exclusive toilet facilities." Then "the inequalities resulting from better

earnings are not the only inequalities in the Soviet Union among different classes of workers." The Stakhanovites and workers like them have special privileges regarding food, clothing, etc. In 1932 William H. Chamberlin, American foreign correspondent with many years in the U.S.S.R., noted seven different dining halls in Magnitogorsk, the big iron and steel center of the Urals. They "ranged in quality from the plentiful, if heavy, food served to the high plant officials and the imported American engineers to the subhuman diet allotted to the unfortunate kulaks and political prisoners, of whom tens of thousands were employed on forced labor jobs." W. L. White reported the same "caste system" after his visit to Russia in 1944.

5) *Welfare activities:* In the Soviet "much has been made of the provision for rest homes and summering places for workers. But a selection must be made, since obviously there is no provision at these resorts for 25 to 27 million workers, not to speak of their families. Citrine estimated that 3 percent of the industrial workers had the privilege of a rest home during 1932. In the plant managed by Kravchenko at Nikopol, near the Black Sea where several of these resorts were located, only 57 workers out of 1,500 had been to a rest home during the year, even though all workers had had deductions from their wages for these services. To be sent to a rest home was something of a prize, to say the least."

6) *Unemployment Compensation:* It is said that "in the third year of the first 5-Year Plan there was no longer any unemployment in the Soviet Union." Accordingly on October 9, 1930, the government abolished unemployment benefits. "Labor exchanges are instructed to take all necessary measures in

order that the unemployed be immediately sent to work. . . . Unemployed persons are to be drafted not only to work in their own trades but also to other work. . . . No excuse for refusal to work, with the exception of illness supported by a medical certificate, shall be considered." Our Congressional Report goes on to state: "In the United States in 1944 and 1945 we always had a floating unemployment of 750,000 to 1,500,000 despite the full utilization of all available local manpower and womanpower in war, war-sustaining and civilian production. . . . In the light of the evidence of the misapplication of capital and labor in Soviet industry it is *inconceivable* that for 15 years there never has been any unemployment which did not merit some unemployment compensation." (*Italics mine*) It is greatly to be feared that under ruthless Communist rule the blunt plank of the Soviet constitution: "He who does not work, shall not eat" has been changed to: "He who cannot work, shall starve."

7) *Labor legislation:* Paramount in importance in the United States at present is the possibility of Congressional legislation to restrict the power of labor regarding strikes, etc. Certainly during the past twenty five years American labor laws have been to the benefit of the working man, and it is to be hoped that in any new law-making a happy balance will be reached between the power of labor and management. The story has evidently been different during the same period in Russia, and it has not been to the advantage of the Soviet worker.

"Labor legislation in the Soviet Union is made up of government decrees, and these decrees are, *by hypothesis*, the embodiment of the will of the people." (*Italics mine*) "The decrees issued between 1938 and 1941 would be con-

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sidered harsh, restrictive and undemocratic by American standards. They would certainly be regarded as 'anti-labor' by union spokesmen in the United States because they restricted the freedom of movement of workers, imposed severe penalties for absenteeism, lengthened hours (without additional pay), reduced maternity benefits, and made other insurance benefits dependent upon length of employment on the same job."

"It would be a most uncommon thing for an American employer, even though he is supposed to be guided exclusively by the quest for profit, to discharge an employee for a single day's absence even without good cause. . . . Yet the Soviet decree of December 28, 1938, ordered the dismissal of workers absent without good cause *for even one day* and pro-

vided penalties for clocking in late, knocking off before time, spending too long over meals, or idling during working hours. Workers were expressly forbidden to leave their employment without authority, the penalty being 'correctional labor' for 6 months with a 25-percent cut in wages."

Our Congressional Report has little to say regarding the war time Russian restrictions on workers, but it concludes with this enlightening observation: "It is noteworthy that both in content and in the penalties provided, the war time labor legislation of Soviet Russia follows the pattern of its peace time legislation, passed by a self-perpetuating bureaucracy on the fiction and propaganda of the 'dictatorship of the proletariat.'"

"Captain Clock"

An amusing passage in one of the letters of the early missionaries among the Indians describes their amazed reaction when they first beheld a clock in action. The missionaries had one in their rude and tiny house, and the Indians would squat before it by the hour waiting for it to strike; in fact all day long there would be a procession of them looking at the clock with wide, round eyes.

They gave the clock the name of Captain, thought it was alive, and asked the missionaries what it ate. When the clock struck an hour, one of the fathers would wait until the last stroke was about to sound and then cry "Stop", whereupon the clock would be silent, to the great awe and admiration of the bystanders.

These Indians would sit around the missionaries' house all day, and frequently had to be supplied with dinner. But their lives, too, became regulated by the clock. As one old Indian put it: "What does the Captain say? When he strikes twelve times, he says 'hang on the kettle.' When he strikes four times, he says 'Get up and go home.'"

Perish the Thought

The two travelers had fallen into a theological discussion.

"Do you believe that the soul survives after death?" one of them asked the other.

"Why, yes."

"And what do you think will happen to you after you die?"

"Well, I suppose I shall go to everlasting bliss, but I really don't like to think about such disagreeable subjects."

Portrait of Christ (5)

His Personal Appearance

Little known facts and opinions about the bodily characteristics of Christ.

R. J. Miller

WHAT did "the Human Being" look like? What was His height and weight and general build? What kind of hands did He have? What was His complexion and the cast of His features? What was the color of His eyes?

The reverence we feel for the person of Jesus Christ usually causes us to throw a veil of vagueness, as it were, over His distinctive features. We might even be inclined to shrink from the task of investigating His personal appearance as though it were something we had no right to know.

St. Teresa of Avila, it is true, after her frequent mystical visions of the Human Being, declared that she found it impossible to describe in detail any particular feature of His glorious countenance. When He was present before her, she saw Him clearly and enjoyed His beauty in an ecstasy of supernatural rapture. But when the vision faded, though its blissful memory remained, she could never—"try as I might", she said—fix in her mind any one of its particular features so as to be able to describe it in detail: "I could not even remember the color of His eyes!"

But St. Teresa was favored with the vision of the glorious Christ, the Christ Who lives not by the vital functions of mortal human life, but by a vitality that is immortal and divine. His features appeared animated, as they turned to her, not merely by His human intelligence, feeling, and health, but by the immeasurable vigor of a life pulsing with the infinite vitality of the Source

and Creator of all life.

It is no wonder, then, that she could find no human words and no human impressions even in her own mind to describe human features that were animated by divine vitality. The features had been there; she remembered them in a general way; but they had no meaning without the God-life that gave them their overwhelmingly lovely aspect; and that she could not describe.

But when we set out to describe or ascertain the human features of the Human Being, we need not labor under the disadvantages of the mystic soul trying to put into human words the glories of a human being animated by the life of God. Indeed, He does not wish us to do so. He appeared as a man, a human being, amongst us. Though the glory of His divinity was always with Him, He carefully kept it hidden all the years of His pilgrimage on earth. Only once, in the Transfiguration on Mount Thabor, did He allow it to shine through the veil of His humanity. And the Transfiguration, when we think of it closely, was no miracle. It was nothing strange that Almighty God in human form should be seen in the splendors of His divinity. The miracle was rather that for so many years the veil of His body—even the Corpus Christi, the sacred Body of the God Man—should have been able to conceal and contain beneath its human texture the blazing glories of the Person of the Word of God!

And yet such was His will. Only for

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that brief moment on Mount Thabor did He allow His glory to blaze out in its proper way. Even after His resurrection, even at the very moment of His ascension into Heaven, it does not appear from the Scripture account that His appearance was one of unusual brilliance. He then came and went mysteriously, He ascended from the earth to heaven, yet even then He was the same as He had consistently been on earth. He appealed only to the wounds in His hands and feet and side to prove the truth of His resurrection—not to any brilliance of glory that surrounded Him. He was what He had always wanted to be, “the Human Being”.

And so we are justified in seeking to learn more of His human characteristics and features. In fact, in our own age He has given us a new means of ascertaining His actual human structure and appearance, in the marvelous discoveries made on the Holy Shroud of Turin.

For centuries this venerable relic had been honored publicly in the Church as the winding sheet in which the Body of Christ was laid when He was taken down from the Cross and placed in the sepulchre. A long linen sheet, fourteen feet in length by three and a half in width, it bore on one side certain vague black marks such as might have been left by a body laid upon the lower half of the cloth, and covered by the rest. In a vague and general way these marks could be taken to represent the front and back of the sacred Body of Christ. But in the year 1898 a startling revelation occurred. The Holy Shroud was photographed for the first time, and it was discovered, when the photographic plates were placed in the developing fluid, that the negatives which emerged were *positive* pictures of Christ. In other words, the indistinguishable marks

on the Holy Shroud were the equivalent of a photographic negative, produced there in some mysterious if not miraculous fashion while the Body of Christ was wrapped in its folds in the sepulchre.

Despite the disfiguration caused all over the sacred Body and especially on the countenance of Christ by the torments of the Passion, and despite the stillness of death, the picture presented by the Holy Shroud is one of extraordinary reality and appeal. It is the photograph (as an article in the *Scientific American* for March 1937 declared) of “a full-grown man, with a true perspective, with a noble, impressive countenance . . . majestic, forceful, and still retaining an expression of deep sorrow.”

The head shows the marks of the crown of thorns; the body is covered with the welts of the scourging; there is a great gaping bloodstained wound in the right side; the feet were evidently fastened by one nail, the left over the right; and the one hand visible (they are crossed before Him on the Holy Shroud below the abdomen) has a bloody wound not on the back of the hand itself, but on the wrist.

Scientists who have studied the Holy Shroud, it may be mentioned here, find particular interest in this evidence that the nails passed not through the middle of Our Lord's hands, but through His wrists. It would have been difficult or even impossible, they say, for a man to be suspended from a cross by nails through the palms of His hands; the weight of the body would have torn the nails right through the hands. Besides, the large nails used would probably have broken the bones of the hands, contrary to what the Gospel says, that no bone of Him was broken. But in the middle of the bones of the wrist

there is a kind of cavity through which such nails could pass, and where they would be fixed by the wrist bones in such a way as to support the body.

Nevertheless, such a nail would catch and penetrate a large and sensitive nerve—the median nerve—which passes through the wrist; so that Our Lord on the Cross was in reality suspended by the two nailed, wounded median nerves in His wrists!

The sacred countenance of Our Lord on the Holy Shroud bears its own tell-tale marks of the brutality of His Passion. As described by Dr. Hynek in his book, *Science and the Holy Shroud* (p. 50):

"The swelling is particularly noticeable on the right cheek and the furrows of the nose and lips. The nose is fractured in its upper third and slightly turned to the left. The right upper eyelid, much swollen, merges with a welt in the inner corner of the eye. It appears to be torn, as also does the left nostril. The lower lip of the tightly closed mouth and the left side of the chin are markedly puffed up, so that the parting of the beard is shifted to the left. Both the upper arcs of the eyes rise under the brows."

It seems that the jaw is dislocated, being slightly off center to the left.

And yet, despite these disfigurements, the impression produced by the picture is one of indescribable majesty, of infinite sadness rather than of pain. "No one taketh My life from Me; I lay it down of Myself."

And beneath the bloodstained bruises and wounds, there emerges the figure of the Human Being as He was seen to His own contemporaries: the actual photograph of Jesus Christ!

His Body was of perfect manly proportions, broad chested, narrow waisted, weighing about 180 pounds, and about five feet eleven inches in height. There is a pious legend, by the way, that Our

Lord was exactly six feet tall, the only man ever to have been exactly that height. Whatever the source and justification of this peculiar belief, the Holy Shroud shows that Our Lord was not quite six feet tall, but five feet eleven inches.

The brow is broad and high; the nose long and evidently characteristic of His race; hair and beard according to the traditional representations. The hands are not small, but well shaped, the fingers long and tapering. And the closed eyes are large.

Hands and eyes, of course, are the members that are most expressive in any human being. We find many references to both in the Gospel story of Our Lord, *the Human Being*. "They brought Him young children, that He might *touch* them . . . and *embracing* them, and laying His hands upon them, He *blessed* them," says St. Mark. He touched the sick, and they were cured; in the Garden of Olives, He touched Malthus, when St. Peter had cut off his ear, and it was restored; He touched the tongue of the dumb man, and he spoke. When the Pharisees were accusing the woman taken in adultery, He stooped down and traced strange designs with His finger on the ground. In His public discourses, too, it is likely that His gestures were natural and frequent, in the custom of the East. When He was told, for instance, on one occasion, that His Mother and His relations were waiting outside the crowd to speak to Him, He replied: "Who are My Mother and My relations?" and, says St. Matthew, "stretching forth His hand towards His disciples, He said: 'Behold My Mother and My brethren!'"

But His eyes must have been the particularly striking feature of His appearance. It is mentioned repeatedly in the Gospels, particularly at moments

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when He was making His personality felt in all its unique power, that "Jesus gazed upon Him," "looking around about upon them." How those eyes must have flashed with anger when He drove the money changers from the temple; and how they must have glowed with love and insight when He said to Peter at their very first meeting: "Thou art Simon the son of John; thou shalt be called Cephas (which is interpreted Peter)". St. Teresa of Avila, in fact, did remember one feature of the eyes of Our Lord: they were "alight" whenever she saw them; and so they must have been during His time on earth—not dull and lifeless, surely, but lit up by the compelling light of interest, intelligence, and love.

What was their color? We do not know. If they were like those of most of the members of His race, they were dark; but it is possible also that they were blue. Christian tradition pictures

the Human Being as rather of a fairer complexion and lighter hair than that common to the Jewish race. Besides, He was the "Son of David"; and the Holy Bible says that David was "ruddy and beautiful to behold, and of a comely face."

We might even add that these words give us a possible clue to the appearance of Christ's Immaculate Mother. He had no earthly father; all the natural qualities He possessed, including His outward appearance, came exclusively from her. There must have been, then, an extraordinary resemblance between them; and she must have been "ruddy and comely" too! Even good St. Joseph may have shared in this quality, for he is also called the "Son of David"; although perhaps some of us might find it startling, and even verging on the irreverent, to picture the Holy Family as all having a touch of red hair!

Code for Travelers

The English language is spoken both in England and the United States, but if an American took up residence in England, he would undoubtedly be mystified by certain British terms. Mr. Louis Untermeyer, in a recent radio speech, enumerated a few of the different modes of expression.

American expression

ticket-agent
baggage
molasses
freight-car
wash-cloth
garbage-can
long-distance
a candidate *runs* for office
commuter
spool of basting thread
gasoline
subway

British expression

booking-clerk
luggage
treacle
goods-wagon
face-square
dust-bin
trunks
a candidate *stands* for office.
season-ticket-holder
reel of tacking-cotton
petrol
tube

Dated

In the first half of the 19th century, before the rationalists began their attacks upon the historical value of the bible, well-meaning authorities sometimes went to the opposite extreme in literal interpretation. Thus Dr. John Lightfoot, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge around 1850, stated flatly: "Man was created by the Trinity on October 23, 4004 B. C. at nine o'clock A.M."



Side Glances

By the Bystander

The bystander permits Europe to speak to his readers this month, through excerpts from letters actually received from individuals there over the past several months. They reveal pitiable conditions, but at the same time many of the letters manifest an unshakeable faith and trust in God. Many of these letters came in answer to food, clothing and Care packages sent abroad by The Liguorian, made possible by the contributions of readers who sent in money or materials for that purpose. The letters will show them how great were the hardships that they relieved.

From Germany: "Everything is in ruins. We thank God that we have our health. My youngest son was in the army for seven years. He is at present a prisoner of war in England. He is married and has two children. They are with me. If only he were here to help us in our dire need. We are rationed and often we do not even get our rations. What is barely sufficient for eight days is supposed to last four weeks. We receive 200 grams of lard (a little more than half a pound) per month. Our clothing is about gone. For eight years we have not been able to buy wearing apparel, not even stockings or wool can be had. . . . The lack of nourishing food is especially hard on old people like our grandparents, but they manage and we pray that God will care for them in the future. We are all suffering from hunger. To be hungry hurts. We trust that God will direct all this for our benefit. The holy feast of Christmas approaches when we are reminded of the angels' song: "Peace on earth to men of good will. May God grant that this will come true."

✦
From Germany: "I was a soldier for three years but I did not forget God and He protected me and my family. I was wounded in France and later my leg was broken but thank God I am now well again. During the bombing of our town my wife and children took refuge in the cellar and prayed. On the occasion of one of my furloughs my small daughter said: 'Dear Daddy, nothing will happen to us. We pray much and often;

that's why the bombs fall around about us but never hit us.' The twins Ursula and Christine, and also Henry will receive their first Communion this Easter. Naturally it will be a poor celebration for the children, but we are trusting in God that He will send us enough food that we can say: 'Today you may eat until you are satisfied.'" *Also from Germany:* "I lost my husband during the war but that is what God wanted. I am grateful to God that He protected my children and let them come home. Today at church I prayed earnestly to God to assuage the sufferings of our poor country and that He permit the prisoners of war to return home. I also asked that all hate be turned to love and that the sun may shine again for our country. . . . During the war we learned what it means to be near the front. Our entire town was destroyed. We trusted in God, prayed day and night, and He did help. We lost our home and all our belongings and some of our relatives, but that was the will of God."



From the Rhineland in Germany came this account of how a Care package was delivered to an old couple celebrating their diamond wedding anniversary: "We witnessed a very touching scene here recently. John Reintjes and his wife intended to celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary in a quiet and simple manner. Their combined ages are 174, yet both are able to be up and around. But they did not dream of the jubilee celebration that was in store for them. Their nephew in far off America remembered their jubilee and he prepared a surprise for them. He wrote to General Haskell, head of the Care bureau in New York, and sent money to have a package of foodstuffs delivered on the day of the anniversary. Care not only promised to make the delivery but promised to make the day memorable. So the day came and they were seated quietly in their home when suddenly music resounded outside of their door. Then a quartet entered the home and sang a composition by Beethoven. The pastor stepped forward and delivered a congratulatory

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latory speech, after which Major Murphy of the United States Army presented the packages from *Care*, together with a lovely bouquet of flowers. Meanwhile a crowd had gathered around the wagon which had brought the packages. The wagon had a loud speaker attachment and the old couple was asked to talk into the microphone for the benefit of the neighbors outside. Finally the *Care* photographer took a picture of the happy pair. Then they were asked to open the gifts from America. When they beheld the many things to eat, Grandma exclaimed: 'Now we can satisfy our hunger again.' When Grandpa found the tobacco he cried out: 'I would never have dreamed this possible.' 'Look,' said Grandma, 'real coffee beans!' The good Catholic couple did not forget God for they renewed their vows before the altar at a Solemn High Mass in the parish church and thanked God for His wonderful protection through all the years. They, their six married children, grandchildren and great grandchildren all received Holy Communion, making it a day of both spiritual and corporal blessing."

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From Austria: "It is very difficult to tell you Americans how miserable we are. When I was young I remember hearing people say that in such and such a part of the world people were starving. I pitied them, but couldn't realize what starvation really was. Our government has tried to increase our food rations, but it is still impossible to live on them and stay healthy. I'll just tell you what this week's rations are and you can judge for yourself. Adults receive: 2,800 grams of bread (a little more than seven pounds); 250 grams of flour (about three-quarters of a pound); 160 grams of beef (less than half a pound); 140 grams of lard (still less than half a pound); 50 grams of peas (about one fifth of a pound); 160 grams of coffee (less than half a pound); and one egg, which was a Christmas present not usually given. That's all a person gets for seven days, three meals a day. As for clothing, we haven't had any opportunity for more than six years to buy any frocks, suits, coats, shirts, etc., and many of us lost all our things during the air raids or during the fighting in April, 1945. We have no drugs and our doctors cannot help us. If we suffer from indigestion they will tell us not to eat any peas or black bread, but these are our only food. We are getting very low spirited, because it is now almost two years since the

end of the most dreadful of all wars. We get very little coal to heat with; we can heat a very small room but three times a week for some hours. The electric current is stopped for many hours every day, mostly from seven o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon. There is no gas from noon, 12 o'clock, till 6 o'clock at night. Who can blame us for being tired, worn out and apathetic?"

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From Germany: "I and my husband are staying at my parents' home, since there are no prospects that we will be able to obtain the material needed for our own home. Hence we must provide in this way. But we are both fortunate nevertheless and grateful to the loving God that He allowed us to remain alive all through the war. I was very worried about my husband for fear that he would be politically persecuted. During the last year of the war he was in Holland where he helped many men who were suffering need, and with his own life being exposed for that reason. The Hollanders in turn saw to it at the close of the war that he was allowed to return home. Now we are suffering the same need that was suffered in Holland. His friends would gladly help him in any way they could, but it is not possible at present. Only letters are allowed to pass between Germany and Holland. We all have the same burden to carry, regardless of whether or not one has deserved this state of need. We have little hope for the bettering of conditions, but it is impossible for things to remain always in the terrible state they are now."

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From Germany: We wish to thank you from our hearts for the *Care* package which you so kindly sent us. Our Christmas was a very quiet one. We had the usual early Christmas Mass with all possible solemnity. But it was very cold in church because there was little heat and most of the windows in the church are still out since the bombing destroyed them. Of the 16 churches in this city only two were not hit. We suffer greatly from the cold because of lack of clothing, shoes and stockings. We stand in line for hours in the cold to get our bread and often when we get to the store there is no more. There is great need of flour and the bakers cannot get it. In our zone a number of people have been found frozen to death because they lacked material to make a fire and keep it burning.



Catholic Anecdotes

Testimony of St. Paul

Archbishop Ryan was celebrated for his gift of repartee, and it generally led to the discomfiture of anyone who sought to challenge him in some aspect of the Catholic faith.

On one occasion, before becoming bishop, he was traveling with a certain well-known minister from St. Louis, a Mr. Wood, and was drawn into quite a discussion on the subject of religion, Mr. Wood maintaining stoutly that his religion was the true one. Finally Father Ryan said, wearily:

"Well, Mr. Wood, suppose St. Paul met us here on the street, and that he was also accompanied by an archangel from heaven who certified to us that it really was St. Paul. Now suppose St. Paul were to say to you: 'Mr. Wood, you ought to join Father Ryan's church, because the Roman Catholic Church is the true church.' What would you do?"

"I would make haste to join the Catholic church."

"Oh," said Archbishop Ryan, "I see, then, that you are not absolutely certain of the statement you made a moment ago, that your religion is the true one."

"Well, Father Ryan," the minister came back, with a glint of triumph in his eye, "Suppose St. Paul would say to you that Mr. Wood's church is the true church, and you should therefore join it, what would *you* do?"

"I would say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan'."

"Well," said the minister, "that

proves you are narrow and bigoted."

"Not at all," replied the Archbishop. "I am only following out St. Paul's own injunction: 'But though we or an angel from heaven preach a Gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema. As we said before, so now I say again, if anyone preach a Gospel besides that which I have preached, let him be anathema.' You see, Mr. Wood, if St. Paul were to say to me the Catholic religion was not true, he would be contradicting himself."

For the Tempted

Anyone, depressed and discouraged by reason of severe temptations, can profit by this story of St. Rose of Lima, who is one of the few American saints.

She was grievously tempted to sensuality, and having pitilessly scourged herself with an iron chain, she exclaimed in tears:

"O Lord, why hast Thou abandoned me? If Thou hadst been near, never should I have been exposed to so abominable an assault."

Even as she spoke, the Lord appeared before her, casting upon her a look of great love and pity, and said to her:

"Wouldst thou have conquered, Rose, if I had not been in thy heart?"

Thus did God reveal to one of His great saints what many people have difficulty learning: that temptation is not sin; that God is more pleased with those who survive temptation than He would have been had they never been tempted at all.



Pointed Paragraphs

The Inescapable

It must be a difficult thing for those who have rejected faith in God, for those who have abandoned it after accepting it, and for those who are living contrary to what it demands of them, to face in their minds the fact of the resurrection of Christ.

This is one of those hard, inescapable, insurmountable facts of history that draw back every veil that hides the spiritual world and force the human eye to gaze into it. This is an event that makes it impossible for the human mind to deny Christ and His religion without deliberately assuming the role of a fool. This, we are sure, will be the outstanding fact of history that will be thrust before the minds of unbelievers and renegades from the true faith when they ultimately stand before God and start to sputter their self-vindications: "I didn't know! I couldn't believe! It wasn't proved to me that I had to serve God only." Not a bit of new testimony will need to be added to the historical proof of the event to silence the sputtering excuses and change them to a cringing admission: "Yes, I knew. The resurrection of Christ proved it all."

No doubt that is the reason why no event in all history has been handed down with more evidence, more testimonies, more prophetic arrangement of details to answer in advance the efforts men would make to wipe it off the slate of true history. That is why no mythologies of the ancient barbarians appear more ridiculous and perverse than the

volumes upon volumes that men have written to explain away the story of the resurrection. They have merely chipped, with child-size implements, at the mountain of granite that is the story of the resurrection barring their way to freedom from all divine authority and religion. The surface of the mountain has scarcely been scarred.

The reality of the soul and of God, the existence of a heaven and a hell, the key to the mystery of pain, the accountability of man for his actions and the dependence of his happiness on Christ, are all bound up in the reality of the resurrection. There is no man who cannot know, since the resurrection, that for him it is Christ and all of Christ, or eternal suicide.

An Almighty Projection!

Some time ago we read a front page newspaper report of a sermon given by a famous Protestant minister from a fashionable pulpit in a midwestern city. As his key thought, he gave a definition of God, and this is how it came out: "God is the projection of man's most noble ideals and hopes throughout the ages."

If anybody would like to have a simple, categorical explanation of why religion is at a low ebb in the United States of America, that so-called definition of God will amply serve the purpose until a better (or worse) one comes along. Break it down and what does it mean? It means this:

1) God is a man-made concept. He

has no reality apart from the noble ideals and noble emotions of man. To pray, therefore, means to address oneself to a "projection" of the mind, which is of course a powerless and even non-existent thing. To sin means merely to be a non-projector, or rather to project a new kind of God because most sins are committed under the momentary view that there is something noble and ideal about the particular form of indulgence one happens to desire.

2) God is a projection of "the most noble ideals and hopes of the ages." We are not told who is to decide what are "the most noble ideals and hopes." Margaret Sanger thinks she has a most noble ideal in her plan of teaching all husbands and wives how to sterilize their marriage; is that projection God? The eugenists advance it as a most noble ideal to legalize the murder of the helpless old, the incurably sick and the mentally retarded; is that projection God? Even Hitler presented his plan of "protecting" small nations by manacled them to his chariot as a most noble and altruistic ideal; was that projection God?

But it is silly to try to analyze or comment seriously on such a definition of God. It comes back, in essence, to the wild cry of proud paganism in every age of the world: "We shall make our own gods. We are gods. There is no God of might and authority and wisdom and justice whom we must obey and adore."

Put a ten year old child in the pulpit of the minister who preaches such insanity and it will confound all his pagan wisdom with the simple words: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth."

End of the Line

One of those dogmatic book-review-

ers, who protests over and over again that he believes in no dogmas, recently made this comment about a book he was called upon to review: "This book proves that modern man is losing faith in himself, and once that is lost, the result is suicide and chaos."

In other words, all that we need, to be saved from self-destruction, is "faith in ourselves." We have decided to place ourselves in the position of the hero of the book "Who Lost Faith In Himself" and see if we cannot ward off suicide and chaos by taking the book reviewer's advice.

Here we are, friends, all ready for suicide and chaos. We are suffering migraine headaches. Our wife has left us and our children scorn us. We've been fired from our job because the corporation we worked for decided to retrench on its overhead. We are wandering toward the river when the book-reviewer accosts us.

B.R.: Come, come, my friend. All is not lost. All you need is a little faith in yourself.

Us: Faith! Ah, yes, faith! What do you mean? Faith in this body of ours that is racked with ceaseless pain?

B.R.: Well, no, not that exactly. Faith in that larger self which is you.

Us: Oh, you mean faith in our soul—

B.R.: Sh! sh! No, no, not that. Don't speak the hated word. Do you not know that souls are superstitions—a part of those cursed dogmas that have been foisted on the world? When I say faith in yourself, I mean faith in yourself, I mean faith in your ability to share in the constant evolution of society toward a new dawn. Faith in posterity—faith in your children—faith in the future.

Us: The best thing I can do for posterity, my children and the future

is to go and drown myself.

B.R.: Then it is suicide and chaos?

Us: I'm afraid so, unless you can give me faith in a God—in somebody outside of me who can put meaning into my miserable life.

B.R.: No, no, not that! Better the river than faith in a God! We can't give you a God. We won't give you a God. All we can offer you is faith in yourself, whatever that means.

Us: Then it must be the river.

B.R.: Yes, I suppose it must. When faith in yourself is gone, there's only the river.

Us: On to the river. Farewell!

B.R.: Farewell!

Into the dusk we go, on toward the dark and murmuring water—another victim of "no faith in ourselves," whatever that means.

Beware of Mere Words

Americans are notoriously weak on definitions. They use words and phrases that are subject to all manner of different meanings without ever announcing which of the various meanings they have in mind.

Current examples of this vagueness and confusion are the two phrases "free enterprise" and "the new deal" or "new dealism". Right now the loudest propaganda is in favor of "free enterprise" and against "new dealism", both undefined. Thinking Americans should demand of propagandists a definition of these terms, under threat of not heeding a word they say unless the definition is forthcoming.

Take "free enterprise". It may mean "freedom for business from all restraints that might be imposed by state or federal law, by moral law, by courts and by organized labor." Defined thus, free

enterprise would be something that every American should be against because that would make it the platform of dictatorship to be exercised by business interests.

Or it may be defined as the principle that recognizes the dignity and integrity of the individual citizen, and safeguards his right to work for himself or for others, to start or expand a business, to hire out his labor, to join with fellow employers or fellow employees to safeguard his rights as a human being, with due regard being taken for the rights of others. As such free enterprise is something that every American should be for, because it is merely democracy in action.

Between these two extremes there are innumerable other interpretations of "free enterprise." The important thing is that when somebody gives a half hour speech in favor of free enterprise, his hearers insist on his telling them what he means by it. Otherwise his arguments should be disregarded.

The same thing is true of "New Dealism". If you are against it, tell us what you mean by it. If you are for it, define what you are for in so many words. Everybody admits that some of the things the New Deal sponsored were good, and some bad. Furthermore, there are a dozen different interpretations of what was behind it. Some called it a dictatorship; others insisted it was Communism thinly veiled; others said it was an aristocracy of crack-brained professors; others still called it a servant of British imperialism. On the other hand, there were good men who saw it as a sincere effort to make democracy work. The important thing again is that we start talking about it by defining it, or by clearly stating what part of it or what good in it or what evil in it we have in mind.

It is high time that every propagandist be forced by his hearers to define his terms!

The End of Capitalism

One of the definitions of capitalism that is being used frequently of late is a system of economic activity in which everything will be regulated by the law of supply and demand and by free and unlimited competition. In this form of capitalism there are to be no human interferences with nor legal regulations of supply and demand, and no obstructions of any kind to all out competition between business men for the prize of economic mastery in various fields.

If that is to be accepted as the true definition of capitalism, we hereby turn prophet and predict that capitalism is doomed; we give it not more than a score of years in which it will be called either the actual or the desirable economic system of democratic America.

The reasons for this prophecy are both historical and logical. Historically it is known to every student of economics that supply and demand and unlimited competition have created all past depressions, each one resulting in a more violent reaction against that kind of capitalism. It may be the very next or the second next depression in which the swing will be complete, but as sure

as God made thinking men, they will eventually destroy a capitalism that eliminates thinking and the application of moral principles from the business world.

Logically, the reasons are just as sound. Supply and demand and unlimited competition are principles that have no regard for human dignity, human freedom and human rights. Men will stand for being deprived of these endowments of their Creator for only so long; the time invariably comes when they will stand for it no longer and will sweep aside the entire system that supported and promoted such deprivation.

We must have a different definition of capitalism if it is to fit into the concept of democracy and to survive as the economic system of the richest country in the world. It must be considered a system in which some men provide money and management and others provide labor for the production of goods, and in which the recognition of human rights and dignity imposes obligations that must be fulfilled before there is thought of the rights and privileges connected with the possession of money. The possessors will be dispossessed if the rights of human beings who are necessary cooperators in their business venture are made secondary to the naked right of possession.

Conditions

- If you want to be respected, you must respect yourself and others.
- If you want to control others, you must learn to control yourself.
- If you want friends, be friendly.
- If you want justice, be fair with others.
- If you want consideration, be considerate.
- If you want courtesy, be courteous.
- If you want to be strong, be quiet, but unafraid.
- If you want to keep your character, keep good company or none.
- If you want to be popular, never say an unkind word about anyone.



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

History of Heresies

Chapter V. Heresies of the Fifth Century

4. *The Eutychian Heresy:*

The Eutychian heresy made its first appearance in the year 448, twenty-two years after the Council of Ephesus. Eutyches was a monk, a priest and abbot of a monastery of some 300 monks near Constantinople. He had bitterly opposed Nestorius, his archbishop, and had even accused him in the Council of Ephesus. But later under the cloak of combatting Nestorianism he propagated his own errors regarding the nature of Jesus Christ. So clever was he in his writings that Pope St. Leo commended him for his zeal.

In the year 429, Eusebius, Bishop of Dorylaeum in Phrygia, while combatting the followers of Nestorius, noticed that the sermons of Eutyches contained heretical statements. He at first admonished Eutyches privately, but when this had no good effect, informed St. Flavian, Archbishop of Constantinople. Flavian, however, admonished Eusebius to employ extreme caution in dealing with Eutyches; for an imprudent condemnation of the abbot might lead to a great disturbance in the Church. But no reasons could have any effect on Eusebius' zeal. St. Flavian was forced to receive his formal accusation.

Meanwhile, Flavian held a synod to settle other matters of dispute. Eusebius took the opportunity to accuse Eutyches of blasphemy against Jesus Christ, of speaking contemptuously of

the holy fathers, and of convicting himself of heresy. The synod, therefore, commanded Eutyches to appear before it and to explain his teaching. But only after repeated summonses did he appear at the last session of the synod—and then accompanied by a large band of soldiers, monks and officials.

In his replies to the persistent interrogations of the members of the synod Eutyches was found to profess two heretical doctrines: 1) that before the Incarnation Christ possessed two natures—which doctrine could not be held without adhering to the heresy of Origen, that souls are created before being united with their bodies; 2) that after the Incarnation, Christ possessed only one nature, the human being absorbed by the divine, with the result that either the divinity of Christ underwent the Passion and death or the Passion and death of Christ was a mere fable. St. Flavian and the other members of the synod, 33 Bishops and 23 abbots, when Eutyches refused to amend his teaching, pronounced sentence of excommunication upon the venerable abbot, deposed him from the functions of his priesthood and removed him from the leadership of his monastery.

No sooner had the condemnation been made public than Eutyches took issue with the synod, accusing it of falsity and prejudice. His monks remained

obstinately loyal to his person, some even preferring to die without Viaticum than to desert him. Eutyches wrote to St. Peter Chrysologus, Bishop of Ravenna, in an attempt to enlist his support with the emperor, Valentinian and his mother Placida, who were then residing at Ravenna. St. Peter, however, responded that he should in all things be obedient to Pope St. Leo.

Both Eutyches and St. Flavian wrote to the Holy Father, the one to complain of the injuries inflicted on him by the Constantinopolitan synod, the other to denounce the heretic to the sovereign Pontiff. The Pope was at first deceived by the incriminations and excuses of Eutyches; so much so that St. Flavian was required to call another meeting and there publicly profess his own faith.

Meanwhile, Dioscorus, Patriarch of Alexandria, at the request of Eutyches wrote to the emperor stating that there was need of another general council. Dioscorus was a thoroughly unscrupulous man. He had put on an appearance of piety and virtue in order to obtain his high position in the church; and after having attained it gave himself up openly to cruelty, avarice and impurity. The emperor convoked the council at Ephesus in the year 449, and charged Dioscorus with presiding over it, and judging the cause of Eutyches. There has perhaps never been any deceit so brazen and open as that perpetrated by Dioscorus in this synod, later writers giving it the opprobrious title, 'the Ephesian Robber Synod'. The impious Dioscorus treated the legates of the Holy Father shamefully; he and his partisans at the synod condemned the doctrine of Eusebius that there were two natures in Jesus Christ; Eutyches was absolved of heresy and restored to his former position.

But when Dioscorus wished to have

St. Flavian and Eusebius removed from their bishoprics, many of the bishops who had aided him in carrying out all the infamy which he had already perpetrated, begged him not to go so far. Dioscorus, thereupon, called for the soldiers; the doors of the church were closed and confusion reigned. None of the bishops were allowed to leave until they had signed a document approving the condemnation of St. Flavian and Eusebius; those who hesitated to sign were threatened with exile and even death. Dioscorus and his followers personally laid violent hands on St. Flavian and treated him so cruelly that he died in exile a short time afterwards, and was immediately venerated as a martyr. Eusebius, who had been forbidden to attend the synod, fled to Rome. Dioscorus continued his acts of cruelty, sending many bishops into exile. And when he returned to Alexandria, his triumph so affected him that he insolently excommunicated Pope St. Leo! Informed of all of these occurrences, St. Leo, in turn, informed the emperor, Theodosius; but the emperor, deceived by Eutyches, refused to listen to the Pope, and even went so far as to restore Eutyches to his offices.

God, however, soon took a hand. Theodosius died in the year 450, and left only his sister, St. Pulcheria, to succeed him. She, however, desirous of remaining a virgin, chose Senator Marcianus, an upright man, to govern the empire. Her choice proved to be a good one. One of the first acts of the new emperor was to beg Pope St. Leo to convoke a general council at which he himself would preside. The council was called in the year 451 at Chalcedon, and there Dioscorus was examined and, being found obstinate in his heresy, excommunicated and deposed. Both Eutyches and Dioscorus died shortly after in exile.



Conducted by T. Tobin,

CATHOLIC AUTHORS

James Brendan Connolly, 1868-

I. Life:

James Connolly was born of Irish parents in South Boston on October 28th, 1868. He was the sixth of ten boys with whom God blessed the Connolly family. Mr. Connolly worked with the United States Engineers from 1892 to 1895. He attended Harvard for one year, but left when the University refused him a leave of absence so that he could compete in the Olympic games. Mr. Connolly became the first modern winner of an Olympic championship, since his event, the hop-step-and-jump, was the first event on the program. During the Spanish-American war he served in Cuba. Much of his time has been spent in travel. President Theodore Roosevelt gave him written permission to board any United States ship at any time. He made use of this privilege and has shipped on practically all classes of ships. In 1914 he was foreign correspondent for *Colliers* in Mexico when the American troops landed at Vera Cruz. He acted as correspondent for the same magazine during the first World War. He now devotes his time to writing at his home in Boston.

II. Writings:

Mr. Connolly has gained great renown as a master of the short story. His books are about the sea that he knows so well. His knowledge of the sea has been acquired by

actual experience on ships. Action is the great characteristic of his short stories. His characters are never allowed to "preach", but they exemplify the Catholic philosophy of life. Catholic principles are implicitly contained in all his writings.

His earliest book was written in 1902. Since then he has published many books of stories about ships and men of the sea. *Gloucester Men* is a collection of short stories. *The Port of Gloucester* is a history of the famous old sea-port with which his stories are concerned. *Canton Captain* and *Master Mariner* are two of his latest works. *Sea-borne* is his recently published autobiography.

III. The Book:

The book that is chosen as an introduction to the author is one that was written twenty-five years ago but that still lives. *Hiker Joy* is the story of a boy who lived "down by the docks". This boy had no home. He lived in an old excelsior box at the water front. He was a member of a gang. Despite his environment, Hiker Joy was a real American boy and not the delinquent that would be expected from such a background. Much of Connolly's theory of writing is also found in the mouth of one of the characters of the book. Readers will enjoy *Hiker Joy* and the homely philosophy of life that he lives.

April Book Reviews

After Black Coffee

Father Robert I. Gannon, S.J., is a very popular after dinner speaker. *After Black Coffee* (McMullen, 184 pp., \$2.00), a collection of his talks, reveals the reason for this popularity. The two page introduction, a humorous digression on the history of the venerable art of after dinner speaking, is a masterpiece of its kind. He explains the role of the toastmaster. "The toastmaster, whose only legitimate function is to break down the natural prejudice which an audience feels toward the next speaker, frequently makes the principal speech before introducing the speaker of the evening."

There are several remarkable qualities about this book. First there is a feeling of timing that characterizes his humor. A few pleasant-ries are used as an introduction to the topic of the talk. A glance at the picture on the cover of the book would lead the reader to expect the typical Irish drollery and whimsicality. The second feature about this book is the wide variety of groups to whom the original talks were given. There are business groups, educational societies and even one talk to the New York Zoological Society. In fact, Father Gannon divides the speeches into those given to Business Men, Professional Men, Irishmen, Non-Irishmen, and Fellowmen. But the surprising characteristic of all the talks is the seriousness of the topics chosen for discussion. After a few lighter remarks Father Gannon wastes no time in getting down to the important issues of contemporary life. He himself tells us: "The most persistent themes presented here in various guises are those that seem most appropriate in the present crisis: the dignity of man as a spiritual being and the importance of tradition in maintaining, or better, in regaining our way of life." Naturally there is grave concern voiced over the Communistic way of thought and life that is so opposed to the Christian and democratic traditions. Father Gannon is every inch the priest talking to groups on the importance of spiritual values. He does not attempt to water down the doctrines of Christ and the Church. In these talks will not be found any objectionable moralizing. The facts are allowed to speak for themselves without any spurious benefit of special pleading. It is difficult to single out any address as worthy of special mention. They are all excellent expressions of the Catholic view of life. Catholics will learn the

application of basic principles to important issues by reading this book. After dinner speakers will be encouraged to give something solid to those who do not have the benefit of the Catholic way of thought. Lest any reader might think that these talks are too difficult for ordinary reading, we shall close this review with his description of the cosmopolitan nature of the student body at Fordham. "There are Indians in the student body, Malays and Chinese, with an occasional Irishman thrown in to run the place, and one or two Polish boys to make the necessary touchdowns."

For Vocational Counsellors

Doctor Wilfred M. Gill of the Psychiatric Clinic at Cleveland was asked whether he knew of a predetermining aptitude test for candidates to the religious life. He replied in the negative and suggested that the questioner draw up one himself. The response to that suggestion is found in a new book, *Testing the Spirit* (Herder, 174 pp., \$2.00). The author, Father Felix D. Duffey, C.S.C., has dealt with candidates to the religious life in his position as novice master. He has felt that there has long been a need to utilize the principles of mental hygiene in dealing with those who aspire to the religious life. His aim has been to discover any unhealthy mental attitudes or emotional reactions that might come into the life of the candidates. The purpose is to correct those traits if possible, or to suggest to the counsellor that this person is not suited for the religious state.

The book is divided into four parts. The first section defines the terms and outlines the purposes of the book. His attitude is that many beginnings of unhealthy frames of mind can be detected and cured in the formative days of the religious. Many a breakdown in later life would have been averted by the use of the principles of mental hygiene. The second and most important part of the book outlines twenty-one directives that the counsellor can have in mind when considering the vocation of one who seeks his advice. The questions here suggested are the ones that experienced directors of souls have long been using. But they are gathered together in very handy form in this book. Father Duffey is concerned with the motives of the vocation, the fears and difficulties that the candidate may have in various situations within the convent. Under each of the questions the

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author has a few pages of discussion on the problem. These directives are very fine as a lead to the solution of the problem. The third part is concerned with the candidates' and novices' own direction of life. Here special suggestions are given for the intelligent use of the Particular Examen as a means of eradicating faults and planting virtues. The last chapter deals with the Theology of Vocation. In recent years much has been written on the real nature of the Vocation. The older "Attraction Theory" has been abandoned or at least modified. He explains the newer theory of Canon Lahitton and notices some exaggerations that have crept into some modern explanations of this theory.

Testing the Spirit is a very important book. Though it makes no pretense of being the final word on the subject of the qualifications necessary in candidates for the religious life, this book has done a great deal in the application of the true principles of mental hygiene to a religious question. It shows a healthy modernity that is necessary in our religious thinking. Anyone who is called on to direct youth should read this book. Those who by their office are given the direct care of postulants for the religious life should find it of great assistance to them.

The Passion

The Passion is undoubtedly one of the great subjects for meditation. It is a "master-key to the Heart of God, and it is God's own master-key to every human heart." Before us are two recent books on the Passion of Christ. Father William Stephenson, S.J., is the author of *Treading the Wine Press* (Newman 336 pp., \$2.50), a book of meditations. Father Stephenson follows in great detail the various steps in the Passion. He outlines suggestions for the more fruitful use of meditations on the sufferings of our Lord. While he mentions, he does not stress, the various techniques of meditation. After telling the Gospel story, he makes a sentence or a scene the matter of reflections. This is a practical book suitable for private use.

The second book is destined for the use of children. *With Jesus Suffering* (Herd. 554 pp., \$5.00) is written by Reverend Nicholas Schneiders, C.P. The chapters are very short in length and simple in style. It makes constant applications to the life of the child. The author destines this book to be read to children rather than to be read by the children themselves. The large size would certainly frighten away any child from picking up the book. The book is filled with other examples and stories that will please children. Those who are called on to instruct children will be able to put this book to good use.

A Book for Children

In our modern life the profession of a "sitter" with children has become very popular. Henrietta Mary Benner has written a series of stories which she has entitled: *The Sitter's Aide* (St. Louis, 166 pp., \$2.00). So far as we know this is the first book that has been offered to the teen-agers who are members of this group of professional sitters. The book consists of bed-time stories and a series of short stories. The stories are ones that children will enjoy. They are very definitely moral tales. Sometimes the sentence structure leaves something to be desired, but children will not notice this defect. Usually the stories tell about other children that boys and girls will recognize, though now and then the interest is allowed to lag. *The Sitter's Aide* will help the sitter to keep her young charges busy and also teach them some worth-while virtues.

Racial Myths

Sr. Mary Ellen O'Hanlon, O.P., has issued a short study on *Racial Myths* (Rosary College, 32 pp., \$.25). It demolishes various falsehoods about the essential superiority of one racial group over another. The author is concerned with the racial problems of the white and Negro peoples. Sr. Mary Ellen has a reputation as a scientist, and this plea for the abolition of racial segregation shows her ability to popularize scientific truths.

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Best Sellers

A Moral evaluation of current books published by "Best Sellers",
University of Scranton, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

I. Book suitable for general Reading:

Your Manners are Showing—*Betz*
Whereon to Stand—*Brunini*
Charioteer—*Eberle*
Fear No More—*Edgley*
Look at America—Editors of *Look*
From the Top of the Stars—*Finletter*
Night of Decision—*Grant*
White House Physician—*McIntire*
Gailhac of Beziers—*Margaret*
Under the Red Sun—*Monaghan*
Behind the Iron Curtain—*Moorad*
Eskimo Parish—*O'Connor*
The Roosevelt I Knew—*Perkins*
Captain Boycott—*Rooney*
Animal Tales—*Sanderson*
Wayfarer's Friend—*Savage*
The Lincoln Reader—*Angle*
Sisters of Maryknoll—*Cogan*
Journey through the Years—*Cox*
In Him Was Life—*Delaney*
In the Hands of the Senecas—*Edmonds*
Young and Fair is Iowa—*Hoffman*
We Saw South America—*Lochemes*
Victory Over Pain—*Robinson*

The Thresher—*Krause*
Pearl Harbor—*Morgenstern*
Nationalism and Internationalism—*Sturzo*
Religion in Public Education—*Thayer*
When the Going was Good—*Waugh*

B. Immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole:

The Angelic Avengers—*Andrezel*
Out on a Limb—*Baker*
Keller's Continental Revue—*Bambrick*
Mortgage on Life—*Baum*
Pavilion of Women—*Buck*
Stranger Than Truth—*Caspary*
Anything for a Laugh—*Cerf*
Mr. Blanding Builds His Dream House—*Hodgins*
The Weak and the Strong—*Kersh*
The Monastery—*Majdalany*
Send Me an Angel—*Nisbit*
Lydia Bailey—*Roberts*
Command Decision—*Haines*
Devil by the Tale—*Moffett*
The Show Piece—*Tarkington*
The Walls of Jericho—*Wellman*

II. Suitable for Adults only because of:

A. Contents and style too advanced for adolescents:

The Old Country—*Aleichem*
Scientists Against Time—*Baxter*
Blueprint for World Conquest—*Chamberlin*
"Dear Fatherland, Rest Quietly"—*Bourke-White*
A Few Brass Tacks—*Bromfield*
The Plotters—*Carlson*
Tale of the Twain—*Constantino*
Return to Jalna—*De La Roche*
Under the Red Sea—*Ellsberg*
Ten Seconds That Will Change Your Life—*Falvey*
The Great Challenge—*Fischer*
After Hitler Stalin—*Ingrim*
Yellow Tapers for Paris—*Marshall*
Woman of the Pharisees—*Mauriac*
Bright Day—*Priestly*
The Queen's Awards—*Queen*
The Herdsman—*Wilson*
The Rape of Palestine—*Ziff*
Balzac—*Zweig*
On Being Fit to Live With—*Fosdick*
Blue Angels and Whales—*Gibbins*
Selected Letters of William Allen White—*Johnson*

III. Unsuitable for general reading, but permissible for discriminating adults:

Joy—*Bernanos*
House Above the Hill—*Foster*
Island in the Pacific—*Frank*
Night Fire—*Kimbrough*
Thieves in the Night—*Koestler*
Our Own Kind—*McSorley*
Forlorn Sunset—*Sadleir*
The Adventures of Wesley Jackson—*Saroyan*
Joan of Lorraine—*Anderson*
The Butterfly—*Cain*
City in the Sun—*Kehoe*
Critics and Crusaders—*Madison*

IV. Not Recommended to any class of Readers:

The Hands of Veronica—*Hurst*
Human Destiny—*De Noux*
Too Early to Tell—*Weidman*
How to Read the Bible—*Goodspeed*
King Jesus—*Graves*
Saigon Singer—*Mason*
Uneasy Spring—*Molloy*
Stranger at Home—*Sanders*
East River—*Asch*
Speak the Sin Softly—*Caldwell*



Lucid Intervals

An old lady who could not see eye to eye with the taxi-driver on the question of fare, finally remarked: "Don't you try to tell me anything, my good man. I haven't been riding in taxis for five years for nothing."

"No," replied the driver, "but I bet you had a blasted good try!"

Ginsberg was riding in a taxicab when the driver suddenly lost control, and the car sped forward at a terrific rate.

"Hey!" yelled Ginsberg in alarm. "What's the matter?"

"I don't know," answered the driver grimly, "I can't stop her!"

"Well, for heaven's sake!" Ginsberg shouted, "can't you at least turn off the meter?"

"Johnny," said the mother as she vigorously scrubbed the small boy's face with soap and water, "didn't I tell you never to blacken your face again? Here I've been scrubbing for half an hour and it won't come off."

"I-I—ouch!" sputtered the small boy; "I ain't your little boy. I—ouch! I'se Mose, de colored lady's little boy."

A Scotsman wishing to join the police force in Birmingham, was asked by the Inspector: "What would you do to disperse a crowd?"

"Weel," replied the Scot, "I dinna ken what ye wad dae in Birmingham, but if I were in Aberdeen, I'd pass round the hat."

A young business man returned home after a tough day at the office and found his two daughters, both of about kindergarten age, acting up pretty boisterously. He gave them both a moderately severe scolding and sent them off to bed. The next morning he found a note pinned to his bedroom door:

"Be good to your children and they will be good to you. God."

"I don't know whether I like these photos or not," said the young woman. "They seem rather indistinct."

"But, you must remember, madam," said the wily photographer, "that your face is not at all plain."

Old Gentleman—"I see that in London a man is run over every half-hour."

Old Lady—"Poor fellow!"

"At times my wife seems to be trying to be an angel."

"You mean when she wants something from you?"

"No; when she drives the car."

Steeplejack—"Ullo, Bert! Where's that mate you took on—the chap that used to be an artist?"

Second Ditto—"Aven't you 'eard? Soon as he laid a couple of bricks, he stepped back off the scaffolding to admire 'is work."

Peter and George were sitting under a tree on a beach, talking.

"Peter," George said, "what am dat flyin' 'round mah head?"

"Why, dat am a boss fly."

"A boss fly? What am dat?"

"Dat am de fly what buzzes 'roun' hosses, cows an' jackasses."

"Yoh don' mean to 'sinuate I'se a jackass, does you?"

"I don' mean to 'sinuate nothing, but yoh can't fool a boss fly."

"Whatever induced you to strike your wife?" asked the judge.

"Well, your Honor, she had her back turned, the broom was handy and the back door open. So I thought I'd take a chance."

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Motion Picture Guide

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Reviewed This Week

Angel and the Badman
Calendar Girl
Death Valley
My Dog Shep
Raiders of the South
Riding the California Trail
South of the Chisholm Trail
That Way With Women
Trail Street
Vacation Days
Valley of Fear
Vigilantes of Boomtown

Previously Reviewed

Affairs of Geraldine, The
Anna and the King of Siam
Beauty and the Bandit
Beginning or the End, The
Blondie's Big Moment
Blondie Knows Best
Born to Speed
Boston Blackie and the Law
Bringing Up Father
Captains Courageous
Colorado Serenade
Courage of Lassie
Crime Doctor's Man Hunt
Dangerous Millions
Dangerous Money
Devil on Wheels, The
Devil's Playground, The
Driftin' River
Fabulous Dorseys, The
Falcon's Adventure, The
Faithful in My Fashion
Fighting Frontierman, The
Fool's Gold
Gallant Bess
Galloping Thunder
Gallant Journey
Gas House Kids
Gentleman Joe Palooka
Ginger
Gunman's Code
Heading West
Home in Oklahoma
Home Sweet Homicide
If I'm Lucky
I Live as I Please (Italian)
I'll Be Yours
It's Great to Be Young
Jolson Story, The
Landrush
Lawless Breed
Little Miss Big
Lone Star Moonlight
Love Laughs at Andy Hardy
Magic Bow, The
Man from Rainbow Valley, The
Margie
Mighty McGurk, The
Mr. Hex
My Brother Talks to Horses
My Pal Trigger
'Neath Canadian Skies
No Love, No Leave
O. S. S.

Out California Way
Outlaw of the Plains
Overlanders, The
Pilgrim Lady, The
Rainbow Over the Rockies
Rio Grande Raiders
Roll on Texas Moon
Rolling Home
Rustler's Roundup
St. Therese of Lisieux (Re-Issue)
Santa Fe Uprising
Schrammeln (German)
Shocking Miss Pilgrim, The
Silver Range
Sinbad the Sailor
Singin' in the Corn
Singing on the Trail
Song of Scheherazade
Song of the Sierras
Song of the South
Spook Busters
Stagecoach to Denver
Story of the Pope, The
Sweetheart of Sigma Chi
Terror Trail
That Texas Jamboree
Three Little Girls in Blue
Till the Clouds Roll By
Trail to San Antonio
Trap, The
Trigger Fingers
Tumbleweed Trails
Under Arizona Skies
Unexpected Guest
Wake Up and Dream
West of the Alamo
Wild Beauty
Wild Country
Wild West
Yearling, The

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Reviewed This Week

Before Him All Kneel Tremble
Boomerang
It Happened on Fifth Avenue
Johnny O'Clock

Previously Reviewed

Accomplice
Alias Mr. Twilight
Angel on My Shoulder
Bachelor's Daughters, The
Beast With Five Fingers, The
Beat the Band
Bedelia
Betty Co-ed
Big Town
Blind Spot
Boomtown (Re-Issue)
Brasher Doubloon, The
Brief Encounter
Brute Man
California
Chase, The
Child of Divorce
Cigarette Girl
Cloak and Dagger
Cluny Brown

Crack-Up
Danger Woman
Dark Mirror, The
Dead Reckoning
Deception
Decoy
Dick Tracy versus Cueball
Drifting Along
Easy Come Easy Go
Fabulous Suzanne, The
Flight to Nowhere
From This Day Forward
Great Waltz, The (Re-Issue)
Hannerl and ihre Liebhaber
Henry the Fifth
Her Sister's Secret
High School Hero
Hollywood Bound
In Fast Company
Invisible Informer, The
It's a Wonderful Life
I've Always Loved You
I Was a Criminal
Killers, The
Ladies' Man
Lady in the Lake
Lady Luck
Les Misérables
Little Miss Iodine
Locket, The
Lone Wolf in Mexico, The
Magnificent Doll
Man from Morocco
Missing Lady, The
Mr. District Attorney
Monsieur Beaucaire
My Darling Clementine
Mysterious Intruder
Nobody Lives Forever
Nocturne
One Exciting Week
Perfect Marriage, The
Plainsman and the Lady, The
Rage in Heaven (Re-Issue)
Razor's Edge, The
Red House, The
Return of Monte Cristo, The
San Quentin
Sea of Grass
Secret Heart, The
Secrets of a Sorority Girl
Secret of the Whistler
Shadowed
Smash Up
So Dark the Night
Stairway to Heaven
Stallion Road
Stormy Waters (French)
Strange Journey
Strange Voyage
Strange Woman, The
Sue's Steps Out
Swell Guy
Time of Their Lives, The
Time, the Place, the Girl, The
Tomorrow is Forever
Undercurrent
Vacation in Reno
Wanted for Murder (British)
White Tie and Tails
Wife Wanted
Years Between, The